

Sports Illustrated

JULY 25, 1966

40 CENTS

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Edward Bennett Williams and Otto Graham



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Next week

BASEBALL'S BEST play, day in and day out, as—according to his professional colleagues—great Henry Aaron of the Atlanta Braves. Jack Mann examines the claim—and the man.

GRACE AND BEAUTY blend with fierce competence in the unique world of soaring. One element is dashed in color photographs, the other in the story of a sailplane pilot.

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Like a lot of people these days, we never realized how much we traveled until somebody told us we couldn't. Last week we joined the rest of the country in contracting a severe case of drier's twitch trying to reach airline offices on the phone, and we also got a new appreciation of how many miles it takes to put out an issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

When five national airlines were struck and the Friendly Skies became the empty skies, we suddenly had staff members trying to get out to or home from Seattle, Atlanta, Milwaukee, San Francisco, Pittsburgh, St. Louis and the Florida Keys, just to name a few—and excluding those going to easy places such as London, Madrid and Maastricht-en-Ville.

Soon "How did you get to . . ." became one of those conversation starters like "Where were you the night of the blackout?" or "What were you doing when Bobby Thomson hit his home run?" The airline strike created a modern folklore character—the master traveler who was able to get from Spokane to New York by flying to Mexico City—and we now have our share of them. It also increased the agility of some of our younger staff members, whose dependence on air travel came as something of a revelation.

One young writer, after spending a fruitless day at an airport, telephoned his editor to ask for advice. The editor suggested that he take a train—a day coach. "Train?" said the puzzled writer. "Suppose I can't get space on it?" Another was intrigued by the mechanics of lowering a sleeping berth, was pleased at being allowed to read instead of being held captive by an in-flight movie and was mortified at not having the slightest idea about how much to tip that nice man who kept folding down the sheets and taking away shoes to shine.

There were some unexpected annoyances: a set of photographs of Woody Fryman, the Pirate rookie, was shipped

by air express from Pittsburgh to New York. It took five days to get here, by which time the issue containing the Pirate story was on sale at Pittsburgh newsstands. A courier bringing proofs of artwork from Chicago to New York went to O'Hare airport at 11 a.m. so he would have ample time to catch his noon flight, only to find that it had quixotically taken off at 10 o'clock.

Other problems were even more serious. Hugh Whall, in Milwaukee when the strike started, was due in New York to cover the Long Island powerboat race (page 16). Desperate, he hitched a ride in a private plane that took him to Richmond. Missing the last train out that night, he caught a bus to Baltimore, where he missed another train. He eventually arrived in New York after being 40 hours on the way.

Nobody solved the travel problem any better than Robert Boyle, who was working on a conservation story concerning the Florida Keys. Boyle found he could not possibly get south in time for a meeting with Herbert William Hoover, an industrialist who has been trying to preserve the Upper Keys from exploitation, so he telephoned Mr. Hoover his regrets and explanation. "Be at La Guardia field at 5 o'clock," said Hoover. There Boyle found waiting for him the DC-3 owned by The Hoover Company of vacuum-cleaner fame. With a pilot, a copilot and a Hoover official as the other passenger, Boyle reached Miami in six restful hours. On the way back to New York he ended his successful mission by picking up Photographer Walter Ioss, who had been stranded in Miami.

Once the motto was "Keep 'em flying." Now it is "Keep 'em moving." And we will. By the way, how much do you tip that fellow who . . . ?

Gary Vall

SCORECARD

A WORTHY CAUSE

The Oakland Junior Chamber of Commerce is trying to save interscholastic sport in its city. In last month's election a proposition which would have provided funds for such extracurricular activities as athletics, band and drama was voted down (SI, June 27). The vote was indefensible. Five of Oakland's six high schools are predominantly Negro. Eleven hundred kids will literally be thrown into the streets, and, as Oakland residents bitterly jest: "If Watts gets any worse, it might become another Oakland."

Although nonleague games have been canceled and several coaches have taken other jobs, some 60 Jaycees are manning telephones nightly in an attempt to raise the \$104,800 needed to revive the league. The deadline is August 12, and only \$2,000 has been collected so far. The Jaycees have also set up an office for receiving donations. The address is Oakland Junior Chamber of Commerce, 1320 Webster St., Oakland, Calif. 94612.

GOLDING THE LILY

Lady Bird, bless her, wants to beautify the highways of America, and who doesn't?—except maybe the puzzhuriger and cement dwarf people and, lately, a number of residents of Great, Orrs and Bailey islands. It seems the Maine State Highway Commission wants to spend \$100,000 on 22 beautification sites along Route 24—which comes to a dead end at Bailey Island—as the state's first project to be financed under Mrs. Johnson's Highway Beautification Act.

But as Professor Lawrence S. Hall, chairman of the Bowdoin College English department and a leading opponent of the plan, points out, Route 24 is already overloaded with traffic during the summer and already scenic. As a matter of fact, there are those who feel that the relatively unspoiled road, twisting and turning along an arm of the sea, will be spoiled by beautification, which will entail such improvements as the creation or enlargement of parking turnoffs with

views of the ocean and the establishment of elaborate picnic areas. Moreover, Route 24 is inadequately patrolled; it will not be improved to handle increased tourist traffic; it is for several miles a residential area and many of the proposed sites face or abut homes.

Following a meeting between Professor Hall and the chairman of the highway commission, the beautification program was shelved for a year's study, but the detente was broken when Hall learned the commission was contemplating a new scheme for Route 24: a picnic area with public toilets, well, fireplace, tables, shelters, 19 parking spaces and room for boat and camping trailers—diagonally across the road from a church!

As Hall wrote Maine's Governor Reed: "This is not a case of one accident befalling one small community with one short road. . . . If it can happen here it can happen over and over everywhere. . . . It may not be too late for the example of the 'beautification' of Route 24 to serve as a warning. . . . that roadbuilders—whose aim and ideal is the perfect accessibility of everything including privacy—have no qualifications beyond their roadides."

BATMAN SAYS REPEAL

If you want to surf at Newport Beach, Calif., you have to come up with three bucks for a municipal surfboard license, a decal that goes on the bottom of the board six inches forward of the skeg. First offenders are liable to a \$10 fine, and City Attorney Tully Seymour reports that 23 citations have been issued to date, all pending adjudication.

Edward Barrett, city license clerk, has issued 1,225 licenses so far. "At first there was a lot of static from the kids," he says, "but now the decals have become a status symbol. They want to get one before they are outlawed."

The State Division of Small Craft Harbors has filed a protest contending that it has taxing rights on all vessels in California waters, and that a surfboard is a

vessel. And, although the licensing was agreed to by the Newport Beach Surfing Association to avert a possible surfing ban, nonresident surfers are up in arms. A group of 20 picketed last week, carrying placards reading: FREE SURF NOW, BATMAN SAYS REPEAL THE LICENSE, RESIST REGIMENTATION and SWIMMERS NEXT! The Mid-Day Surf Club and the South Coast Surfing Association are contemplating peaceful demonstrations, perhaps a surf-in.

Surfer, the sport's most widely read magazine, had editorially opposed the Newport Beach tax, but is not against a surfing tax per se, providing the income is put back into the sport, as is the case with hunting and fishing licenses.

The United States Surfing Association, which is also in opposition to the ordinance, feeling that if there is a tax it should at least be statewide, has gotten up bumper stickers reading: FREE ACCESS TO THE SURF IS A RIGHT, NOT A PRIVILEGE. As Tom Morey, USSA president, puts it, "We feel it would be more practical to license teen-agers."

BUSY SIGNAL

The British Columbia Telephone Company is about to spend \$90,000 to build a pool for porpoises at the Vancouver aquarium. Porpoises, as everybody knows, are the talkiest things, so, as Dr.



Murray Newman, the aquarium's caretaker says, "It's quite appropriate that a telephone company is sponsoring them."

As a matter of fact, B.C. Telephone is planning to install conduits and a hydrophone in the pool so visitors can eavesdrop on the porpoises. And, Newman adds, "Maybe we can get these



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And you're getting two special traction bars that we mold into the tread to wipe slippery, slithery roads dry.

Of course, after 30-40-50,000 miles you may look at your old \$75 tires and wonder if you really needed them.

The only way you can know for sure is to need them. And not have them.



Sizes other than 8.25-14 priced accordingly.

THE NEW U.S. ROYAL MASTER

porpoises to talk by telephone with porpoises in other aquariums."

But, besides being gabby, porpoises are supposed to be intelligent. It will therefore be interesting for frustrated human parents to observe how adult porpoises deal with the problem of getting adolescent porpoises off the telephone.

SPLIT DECISION

Harley Davidson Mitchell, director of recreation at the Temple (Texas) Veterans Hospital, says he is the only man in the world named after a motorcycle—his father was a dealer. He also says he is the only man in history to hit half a home run.

"We used to play on a field behind the railroad yards," he explained the other day. "There was a high guy wire running across a corner of right field. The score was tied when I came to bat in the ninth, and I hit a shot to right. The ball traveled so fast that when it struck the guy wire, it split in two. One half sailed over the fence, and the other half dropped into the right fielder's glove. The umpire ruled it was half a homer and half an out."

"Anyway," he added, "we won the ball game 3½ to 3."

BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY

What do the professional Japanese girl pearl divers at Sea World, San Diego's aquatic Disney land, do for kicks on their days off? They dive for abalone off La Jolla.

REVOLUTIONS

During the past week we've heard of two major breakthroughs in our purview and we would be remiss if we failed to pass them on. Word of Breakthrough No. 1 comes from the redoubtable Dr. Herbert R. Axelrod of Jersey City (SI, May 3, 1965), who, among other things, is the world's foremost authority on tropical fish. What Dr. Axelrod has wrought is a new, comparatively inexpensive fish food which he says "will revolutionize the pet industry." The food is entitled Miracle Freeze Dried Tubifex with Fish Nip and consists of freeze-dried tubifex worms sprayed with blood serum. As Dr. Axelrod says: "If you have an aquarium handy, just press a piece firmly against the inside aquarium glass. Wait a few moments until the fishes discover it. Then stand back as they voraciously attack it. No more overfeeding problems! No more soupy

tanks! No more foul-smelling, discouraging aquariums! Everywhere we tested it we heard wonderful comments. At last we can bring our fish out of hiding to see them when and where we want to! At last we can train fishes to eat from our hands!" Pet industry revolution? Dr. Herbert R. Axelrod has led us to the threshold of a new, exciting relationship between man and fish.

News of Breakthrough No. 2 springs from the lips of Gerald Marvin, London PR man. In collaboration with a hydraulic engineer, who unaccountably remains nameless, and Hugh Scudamore, an art dealer whose role is merely unaccountable, Marvin has invented the Ski-Naut, a device for learning to water-ski indoors.

"The Ski-Naut will lead to a total revolution in water-ski instruction," says Marvin. "Water skiing can be unpleasant to learn, so we thought we'd look for a cushier way."

The way: the student stands still and the water moves. The training area has two parallel channels of water speeding in opposite directions, enabling up to 16 students to learn at the same time. Each is secured in a very flexible harness and each has a tow rope. The water, powered by a 100,000-gallon-a-minute pump, can attain a speed of 20 mph and is regulated by the instructor. One of our British correspondents was fortunate enough to attend a demonstration. He writes: "In a secret London hideout I watched a scale model in action—and the rapid flow of smooth water was quite astonishing."

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI

The blue whale is the largest creature ever to inhabit the earth. The record specimen was 108 feet long and weighed 152.8 tons. The tongue of a lesser blue whale weighed 7,056 pounds. Thirty years ago there were 200,000 blue whales. Today there are only a few hundred and, though totally protected, 11 were killed by whalers in the winter of 1964-65. It seems likely that the blue whale is doomed; its range is all the southern oceans, and the chances are slim that the devoutly crossing survivors will, in that immensity, happen upon mates.

The fin whale, half the size of the blue, has also been decimated by the whaling fleets. Thirty years ago it was as numerous as the blues; now 35,000 remain.

Conservationists have warned whalers that if they don't cease slaughtering they will be out of business. For 1964-

65 the conservationists suggested a total catch of 4,000 units (equal to 8,000 fin whales or 24,000 sei whales), 3,000 in 1965-66 and 2,000 in 1966-67. Only then, they said, could the whale population hope to recover. Nonetheless, the whalers went after 8,000 units in 1964-65 and, ominously, fell short by 1,000.

Subsequently, the whaling nations—Russia, Japan and Norway—were persuaded to meet, largely at the behest of the U.S. Although the Japanese, whose ships were almost new and not yet amortized, were unrepentant, an agreement was reached to reduce the total catch for 1965-66 to 4,500 units, 1,500 more than had been recommended. Last winter the whalers fell short by 400 units. In June another meeting of the International Whaling Commission was held to decide on the limits for the coming winter's catch. This time it has been fixed at 3,500 units, still greatly in excess of the suggested figure.

However, in addition to setting a limit, there is the matter of how well the limit is observed. An international-observer scheme was discussed but, alas, not authorized. By the time it is, there is a distinct possibility there may not be any big whales to observe.

WHAT A WAY TO GO

Wall-to-wall carpeting Detroit Entertainer Vic Hyde has in his trailer yet. And why not, when it is pulled by a Rolls-Royce? "Some people chase square dancing, some save coins, some gamble, some rebuild Model T's, some fish, some hunt and some drink," Hyde says. "I'm just Rolls-Royce crazy. My automotive jellies are appeased only when driving one." This is Hyde's seventh Rolls, and he figures it's the only one hitched to a trailer. He and his wife estimate they spend 200 days a year on the road, parking anywhere but—perhaps as a concession to their putrician Rolls—in a trailer camp.

THEY SAID IT

- Doug Sanders, explaining his short backswing: "I began playing golf with my employer's clubs. He might have come back any minute, so I didn't have time to swing the club very far."
- Jeannette McCombs, strawberry blonde from Texas and one of the top U.S. sky divers: "I suffer from acrophobia. I can't look out of high buildings. I don't even like to ride in planes. When I'm in one, I want to jump out. I guess that's what makes me a good sky diver."

END

Sports Illustrated
JULY 28, 1986

A TIME TO REMEMBER:



3:51.3

Leaving the whole world far behind him, Jim Ryun, the 19-year-old durable wonder of Kansas, smashes track's most treasured record—the mile mark that has eluded American runners for 29 years

by ANITA VERSCHOTH



After a few warmup sprints last Sunday on a field next to Edwards Stadium in Berkeley, Calif., Jim Ryun, that extraordinary young man from Wichita, Kansas, sat down to change his shoes. "I feel fine," he said to a friend. "This is it."

Thirty minutes later on the Edwards track, riding the nice pace of his rivals, then bursting away alone for the final 700 yards, Ryun set a new world mile record of 3:51.3. As he swept through the tape, strong and with little agony showing on his face, 15,000 spectators were on their feet, jumping up and down, yelling, whistling. Few heard the futile shout of the announcer: "The mile race was won by Jim Ryun, who beat Michel Jazy's world record."

By chopping an incredible 2.3 seconds off Jazy's mark, Ryun, with years of running still ahead, had taken the record that many good Americans have sought but none have owned since Colin Cunningham 29 years ago.

Curiously, the record might have eluded Ryun for another year if world politics had not made a shabby intrusion into the special realm of track this summer. After missing the record by a mere tenth of a second in the Compton Relays six weeks ago and failing decisively in the nationals, Ryun did not expect a further chance at the mile distance. Since the U.S.-Polish and U.S.-Russian meets scheduled for this month were at metric distances, Ryun planned to try for Herb Elliott's 1,500-meter record in the Russian meet. But on Monday, July 11, as he was starting his last week of hard training, the Russians backed out.

Ryun then decided to try for the metric record against the Poles a week earlier. His last hard workout—fast halves, quarters and 150-yard dashes took place on Monday, a week before the scheduled Polish meet. On Tuesday the Poles withdrew. That day Jim Ryun had an assignment to photograph the All-Star baseball game at St. Louis. During the plane trip he discussed matters

(continued)

As Ryun neers finish of record run, intense officials capture the moment for posterity

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREGG & LONG

with Rich Clarkson, his boss in the photo department of the Topeka *Capital-Journal*. "The withdrawal of the Poles could be a blessing," he confided to Clarkson. "Maybe we could ask Sam Bell [race coach at the University of California and the meet director] to change the 1,500-meter race into a mile."

Jim photographed the baseball game in 106th heat, got six pictures published in the paper and received still better news when he returned to Topeka. Before he had a chance to ask, Sam Bell announced that in the pickup competition to be held in lieu of the aborted U.S.-Polish dual meet, the mile would be substituted for 1,500 meters.

Ryan called Bell and asked whether he could arrange a paced race for him. Richard Romo of the University of Texas and Cary Wessinger of the San Diego Track Club already had offered to set a fast pace for him whenever it was needed. Bell said he would take care of it. He also promised to keep this plan a secret, and neither before nor after the race did anyone involved in the strategy admit to it.

All week long Jim took easy eight- to 10-mile runs each day. When Glenn Davis, promoter of the Los Angeles meet, called and asked him to issue a challenge to Jazy, Jim replied, "I will be pleased to meet Jazy if he will come," but his mind was made up. He was pointing for a record at Berkeley. It would be his last effort for the season. He would "blast one out." And he knew that he would not be able to recover in time for a second attempt at the Los Angeles Coliseum. Berkeley had to be it. Ryan's coach, Bob Timmons, was on vacation, but Assistant Coach John Mitchell and Jim checked their plans with him by telephone.

Timmons was all for it, and Ryan was bothered by only one thing. For the last two years he has had a recurring, unexplained soreness on the outside of his left knee. He felt it last year just before he left for the Russian meet and volunteered to stay home because of it. Last Tuesday his knee began to develop the familiar soreness. But the morning of the race he said, "I would be very surprised if it affected anything today. I don't know, though, how I will be feeling tomorrow." As it turned out, the knee did not handicap him during the race nor did two blisters on his right foot, which he taped before the start.

On Friday and Saturday he had received heat packs on his knee and had undergone sonic treatment. Otherwise, he spent most of the time in his bed in a room at the Berkeley dorm that he shared with John Lawson, a college teammate. On Saturday he marched in the parade and watched Lawson run the 10,000 meters, calling split times out to him from the curve of the track. During dinner Saturday night at Ernie's restaurant in San Francisco, he showed the same confidence that he displayed before the Coliseum and Compton Relays and none of the nervousness and irritation he had felt before the AAU mile in New York. In Berkeley he was relaxed and witty as he strolled to the stadium, shaking hands, signing autographs. Meanwhile, the rumor spread in the press box that Ryan would be paced, that everyone else in the race had agreed to act as his rabbits.

It looked exactly like that. With Dyrrol Burleson absent from the meet and Jim Grelle entered in the 5,000 meters, there was nobody on hand who could

be considered a serious threat to Ryan. There was Tom Von Ruden of Oklahoma State with a personal best of 4:01.1; Cary Wessinger, who once did 3:56.6 but who had not been under four minutes for a couple of years; Wade Bell of the University of Oregon with a 3:59.8 to his credit; Richard Romo of the University of Texas and Pat Tritynor of the Forty-Niner Track Club. "Everyone in the race has come up to me and offered to help," said Ryan. The all-American field, though not the classic one, was eminently suitable for a record attempt. Every man was interested in helping Ryan, but only so long as it would not be at the expense of his own ambitions.

Rick Romo said, "I'd like to see the record come back to the United States, and Ryan is the only guy who can do it. I talked to Jim and told him I might try to run about 1:57 for the half. He said that would be great." But Romo added, "I want to break four minutes just as bad as Ryan wants to break the world record." Rick Romo, Wade Bell

During last quarter Ryan settles down in pack, content to hold position as rivals set pace



and Tom Von Ruden had some secret talks. Ryun himself was unaware of the discussions that went on in the dormitory. "I don't want anyone to do anything for me that is going to jeopardize his chances to run a good time," he said. Von Ruden said, "I plan on finishing the mile, but I have been wondering. It would be interesting to see what Ryun could do with a fast pace." Von Ruden finished second to Ryun in his world-record half mile at the Track and Field Federation Championships in Terre Haute, Ind.

It was Von Ruden who jumped into the lead at the sound of the gun, closely followed by Romo of Texas, then Weisiger, Ryun, Bell of Oregon and Traxner of the Forty-Niners. Von Ruden led the pack through the first quarter in a sizzling 57.7 seconds. At the start of the second lap, Romo shot ahead and took the lead. Von Ruden fell back rapidly and on the backstretch was passed by Ryun and Bell. Just before Romo reached the half-mile mark, Bell took over, clocking 1:55.4 for the half, with Romo and

Ryun one-tenth of a second behind. Coming into the third lap Ryun passed Romo (who later reported, "When he passed me I knew he was on his way. He looked strong. He was running like a bull.") On the backstretch of the third lap Ryun tried to pass Bell, but Bell was still going strong. Then, with about 700 yards to go, Ryun broke out so fast that Bell thought, "Man, he must have an awful good kick."

The rest of the way it was Ryun alone. He passed the three-quarter mark in 2:55.3, leading Weisiger by 30 yards and leaving the others hopelessly straggling. As the stadium filled with noise, Ryun seemed to get stronger and stronger. In the home stretch he was still gathering speed, and he drove across the finish line as forcefully as if he were trying to break his way through a brick wall.

For 50 years men have been chipping away at the mile record, knocking off seconds and stealing tenths. In one brilliant run Ryun had brought the mark down 2.3 seconds, an effect beating the former record-holder, Jarry, and all oth-

ers, by a good 15 yards. At 1,500 meters Ryun was clocked in 3:36.1, a new American record and the third fastest time ever recorded for that distance, just half a second over Herb Elliott's world mark. After the race, when he had enough wind back in him for words, Ryun observed, "All through the race I was surprised that I felt so good, even though the splits were always two seconds faster than I had hoped. [He ran 57.9, 57.6, 59.8, 56.1.] I could hear the splits very well. That man nearly yelled too loud. During the first 600 yards I felt heavy, and I also felt heavy during the last quarter. But then on the home stretch I had something left for a sprint. Now I feel that I could have run even faster. When I win, I always feel as if I could have run faster."

By Sunday night, when the shouting had died and the press had stopped plying him with questions, the knee that Ryun cannot wholly trust began to bother him. He admitted that it was quite painful. "It is," he added, "the most beautiful pain I have ever had." **END**

At gun leap, Ryun moves well out ahead (left). He passes the 1,500 meter mark in 3:36.1 (right), still accelerating on way to record finish.



WHEN EMILE GOT HIS IRISH UP

Joey Archer, evoking old memories of Irish boxing's best, had tradition and the crowd with him, but an aroused Emile Griffith bulled his way to victory and kept his middleweight championship

by MARK KRAM

Part of it was in the way he left the ring. It was good, and it spoke of the night. The robe the color of a boiled potato, hung over his shoulders, and all the women with that *Torn and Torn* look and the men, the ones with the big rings and the white-on-white shirts and the ones with the hanging bellies and old faces whose thoughts of boxing had been stoken by a distant time, looked long at Joey Archer as he passed down

the ramp. They wanted to say something special, but didn't because it would have all come out like a high note on a bad horn. How do you tell a loser he was special—that he had brought magic to the night?

Archer was in the middle the head tilted up, the eyes looking at nothing—when they moved down the ramp at Madison Square Garden, where Emile Griffith had just beaten Joey to keep

the middleweight championship of the world. Freddy Brown, the trainer with an old boxing glove for a face, shuffled behind like a man searching for lost coins, and Jimmy Archer, the brother and manager, was out in front. They hit the tunnel, flattened out beside each other and moved through the darkness and quiet, the sounds from above now like a faraway El train. Nobody spoke, until finally Jimmy said, "Joey, dammit, you were good." Brown nodded oracularly, and then at the far end of the tunnel a fan, trying to climb over a saw-horse and a cop, sang: "Hey Joooooey!" Archer smiled thinly, and the group turned into the dressing room.

There Archer sat on a table—his pale, thin legs dangling loosely and swinging—and held out his palms. When the tape was cut from his hands, he shot out his clenched fists in frustration and then let them flop to his thighs, bringing a wet smack from his drenched green trunks. "I thought, I really thought, I had it 9-6 easy," he said. "Yeah," said Jimmy, "you did everything you had to do." In a sense Archer had, for he and Griffith had put on a stirring show, and that's something in a ring these days. But in a sense he hadn't. Just ask the longshoremen from the Bronx, the Irish and all those who were Irish for a night.

They had come, the classicists and the tale spinners and the young ones who have listened to the legends of Irish fighters that have filtered down through a century, to see Joey Archer bring it back again last week in Madison Square Garden. It was Archer there in the ring, but there were ghosts beside him—Billy Conn, Mickey Walker, Jimmy Braddock—that kept reeling back the years. All of this, the crowd, the memories and Joey Archer, who is so beautifully typical of the fighters the Irish have sent out, made it an evening that hummed on in the soiled light of the Garden lobby, and finally died in those pungent old bars



Fancy Joey wasn't fancy enough, as Griffith feared he could move in low and land with a right.

along Eighth and Third Avenues where they still talk about how Conn took Louis across 13 sweet rounds.

So the Irish—even the ones who thought boxing ended with Conn and Louis—came to see the past become the present, but Joey Archer, after seven months of inactivity and only three fights in the last year and a half, could not put his fight together over 15 rounds. For one thing, he made a tactical error. For another, Emile Griffith is a very good boxer who tends to fight about as hard as he has to, and on this night he was afraid of losing his title to a rear.

Griffith is a child, according to his co-manager Howie Albert. Before the Dick Tiger fight in April he was 16 years old. Albert says, but he grew older while training for Archer. Griffith was both hurt and worried about things that he imagined were happening before the fight. He thought Archer was receiving half of the prefight attention. He became apprehensive that Archer's large and capricious following would influence the decision. It turned out to be a false concern—Archer's crowd, most of the 13,776 there, belloved during the fight and grumbled after it, yet went down gracefully—but it goaded Griffith to the strong performance that he needed.

Archer, weighing 199½ to 212 for Griffith, who is a natural welter with toothpick legs and a light-heavyweight body, handed Griffith early in the fight. Griffith came out throwing punches, hard and often, but Archer, parrying and jabbing with his left in a classic style—he does not waste motion—did not catch much. However, as the fight progressed Griffith started to slip under the jab and come up with a right hand that had his head and massive shoulders behind it. He began moving Archer around just as easily as he had physically dominated the heavier Dick Tiger when he beat him for the middleweight title.

More significant, though, was the fact that Archer did nothing about this. Over 49 fights, of which he has now lost only three, Archer always controlled the direction of the action. His moves were quick and slick, his long left jab precise and constant. But against Griffith he was not as mobile. There was no pattern to his fight. He said later that he did this to confuse Griffith, but it was a tactic that cost him. Archer was staggered in the sixth round when Emile raked his fair, smooth face with a left-



The smiles reflect the result: Griffith a happy winner, Archer not displeased with his showing

right combination, and he took a bad cut high over the bone of his right eye when Griffith accidentally hit him on the ropes in the eighth.

A destructive chunk of machinery when he wants to be, Griffith was all over Archer now, shooting both hands to the body and running up and through his taller opponent's guard. The Archer pose was fading. He was not thinking, and he has to think to win. Instead, he chose to trade with Griffith.

It was not until the 10th, his best round, that Archer put it all together. He spun off the ropes like a matador, his feet moved to music and his jab was always there. The crowd did not roar aimlessly now. But in the 11th Archer reverted to muscle—he does not have much—and Griffith rocked him with a solid right. Archer smartened up some after that, but it was too late.

Joey needed a big round in the 15th, but Griffith would not let him have it. Had he won it decisively, the Irish might have been able to build a solid case for Archer, especially in view of the scoring: one judge called it 9-5-1 for Griffith, the other had it 8-7 Griffith and the referee came up with a draw, 7-7-1. But now no one could grouse seriously about the result. Griffith, forever crowding Archer, had been swift and punishing.

Emile gave his band of Garden followers a Griffith that they had not seen in four years. He is a sensitive and gentle man who desperately needs to feel he belongs to his public, for which he has

fought so often. But Griffith, who is also the welterweight champion, still thinks that he does not belong. "The public liked it, liked me, didn't they?" he asked after the fight, his eyes searching for conviction that this truth was truth.

As for Joey Archer, who can know what his smile hides? He had been waiting for this chance a long time. Every morning of every week that boxing dealt him to the back of the deck he ran through the engines of Van Cortlandt Park and how he must have wanted to shout, "Look, I'm still here! It's me! Joey Archer!" So he kept running, went to real-estate school, looked after his nine head of cattle in New Jersey and occasionally dropped into his brother's bar at 96th Street and Second Avenue to be reminded by the Irish regulars that being a fighter meant something.

The regulars were there at the bar after the fight last week, but Joey Archer wasn't. A crude bed-sheet sign covered the window, and it read: **HI CHAMP!** Inside, the table from which he was to give a speech was set up. The food on another long table lay untouched. They waited, the dock workers and the neighbors and friends, but Joey never came. Each time the door opened, the row of heads at the bar turned. Outside, the street was empty and quiet. Then a fire engine howled to a stop across the street and everybody ran to the window. It was a false alarm. "That must be Joey's disappointment burnin' up," said a longshoreman.

END



DONZI DID AND DONZI DIDN'T

But nobody else had even a look-in as two powerboats from the same factory fought a 250-mile duel that started near the skyscrapers of Manhattan, passed Long Island's beaches and finished back in the city **by HUGH WHALL**

Throttled down to a suffocating six knots, which was all a stern Coast Guard warning permitted them, a long file of the most powerful motorboats afloat wallowed through the tight channel leading from New York's Flushing Bay into the East River. Holding a boat built to climb up on a plane and take off across blue water at 60 mph down to such a speed is a punishing duty for both man and machine. Big engines choke and sputter as they overheat at low speeds, and rudders designed to control a boat on a plane have little effect as the boat skids around in a slop.

At last, however, the parade moved past the prison at Riker's Island and

headed for the tidal rips at Hell Gate, which were strangely quiet on this 90°-plus day. With a wide channel ahead, the Coast Guard relaxed its discipline and the 20 powerboats entered in the eighth annual Around Long Island Marathon increased their speed to a respectable 30 mph. Paced by the race committee's 31-foot Bertram sport fisherman, the marine motoreade roared down the East River at 8:30 a.m. under bridges clogged with commuters, past the Mayor's mansion, past the swank new United Nations Plaza, where both Truman Capote and Senator Robert Kennedy have their Manhattan pads, past the U.N. itself, and out under the vast Verrazano-Nar-

rows Bridge to the starting line. The pace boat circled once or twice under the bridge as the fleet formed a line astern stretching across the channel. Then, in a magnificent clearing of iron throats and a Niagara of white spray, the race was on and the powerboats headed wide open for Ambrose Channel and Fire Island, the sandy barrier reef that protects Long Island's south shore from the ravages of the Atlantic.

Six checkpoints had been established by the race committee and Coast Guard to guide the drivers: Jones Inlet, Fire Island Inlet, Montauk Point at the eastern tip of Long Island, Plum Gut, the narrow gateway into Long Island Sound,

Old Field Point and Lloyd Neck. The 250-mile course they punctuate is an almost perfect test of offshore racers. It offers plenty of distance, conditions that go from rough to calm and navigation problems tricky enough to plague the ablest. "You just can't build an ideal boat for this race," said Driver Allan Brown the night before. "If you build for speed alone, you suffer in the rough water. If you design for the rough water, you'll lose out in the calm stretches. And then there's the navigating. . . ."

Brown himself was driving *Broad Jumper*, a 28-foot Donzi owned by New Yorker Bill Wishnick. Racked up against him were at least two other Donzis, one the 35-foot *Maltese Magnum*, owned and driven by swarthy handsome Don Aronow, who used to head the Donzi company, gave it his nickname and now serves as its adviser.

At the outset, however, Brown, who is Donzi's sales manager when he is ashore, expected that *Broad Jumper's* big competition would come not from the other Donzis but from the 28-foot *Formula* driven by Dick Finnerty and powered by twin 475-hp Chrysler hemi-head engines. Finnerty proved a threat all right, but not for long. About 15 miles out the belts came off his engines. The big *Formula* was left wallowing somewhere off Ambrose Lightship, and the race was between the two Donzis, Brown's and Aronow's.

"Except for about 15 miles around Montauk," said Brown later, "we ran side by side." By the time they reached Montauk the up to then relatively smooth Atlantic began to confront both boats with huge stubborn swells and heavy haze. Better suited to rough waters than Brown's faster *Broad Jumper*, Aronow's *Maltese Magnum* started to pull ahead. An added advantage for Brown was the fact that his navigator, Bill Seidler, had fished the waters off Montauk for years and knows them better than a striped bass.

With Seidler to guide him, Aronow did his best to drop Brown astern in the haze, hoping his opponent would make a fatal navigational error once he was on his own. Otherwise, Aronow knew, Brown would catch up and kill him in the smooth waters of the Sound. But the big *Maltese Magnum* was just not able to escape, not even in the rough water, and the two boats approached Plum Gut still well in sight of each other.

They burst through the Gut with their combined engines roaring in nerve-jangling unison.

Throughout the race there had been a considerable exchange of vituperative opinion between the friendly rivals aboard the two boats. The comments ranged from crude gestures to the heaving of beer cans and, once, even a Coke bottle. "Sometimes we got so we were swerving way off course charging each other," said Brown. Then Aronow's crewman, Jake Trotter, had an even better idea. "I saw Jake looking around in the cabin for the flare gun," said Aronow. "Then, good God, I could see him cocking it and aiming at Brownie. I told him not to, I told him he might get us disqualified." Fortunately for all hands, the gun was empty.

On flew the boats, past Stratford Shoals, past Execution Rocks and into the East River once again with their throttles wide open. Spectator craft at the finish line could see them coming out of the heat haze under the Throgs Neck Bridge so close together that they seemed to be a single spray-covered blip. Slipping along at better than 55 mph and separated by not more than 10 feet of water, they roared toward the finish line, bow to bow, gradually gaining separate identities. The sullen roar of their big Holman-Moody Ford engines rolled like a wave out ahead of them.

Now suddenly it became apparent that the Coast Guard, which had been so ubiquitous at the start, was nowhere to be seen at the finish. In its place was a motley fleet of outboard hot rodders and a tiny Penguin Class sailboat manned by two 12-year-olds. None of them seemed to know or care that two high-powered seagoing projectiles were aimed straight at them, and there seemed to be no officials of any kind around to tell them. Meanwhile, aboard the racing boats, Aronow and Brown were engaged in their own brand of confusion.

As the Donzis neared the finish neck and neck with no other competitor even close, Aronow, who, after all, invented Donzis, apparently decided it would be nice if they finished in a dead heat. He indicated his desire by wig-wag signals to Donzi Executive Brown, who was leading. Brown apparently concurred and throttled *Broad Jumper* down a hair to bring the boats even. But Brown's navigator, a competitive type named Pete Rittmaster, was unaware of any finish

line armistice arrangements. "Pete looked at the dials," said Brown later, "and when he saw the throttles weren't all the way down he had a fit. I thought for a minute he was going to commandeer the boat."

While Rittmaster and Brown explored their differences, the two boats went screaming for the line, scattering the spectator fleet like a pair of sharks flashing through a school of mullet. The line itself was somewhat vague, since the race committee had neglected to set out a buoy at one end of it. But at the other end, aboard the supposedly nonpartisan committee boat, Pete Rittmaster's girlfriend, Gale Jacoby, herself a seasoned ocean racer (SI, Feb. 14), was jumping up and down screaming. "Come on, Brownie! Come on!" Either her efforts or those of her friend on *Broad Jumper* must have done the trick, for just before they reached the line, Brown's boat, at full throttle now, inched one second ahead of Aronow in an all-Donzi finish that was a nautical version of the Ford triumph at Le Mans. Gale Jacoby promptly burst into tears. "I've never won a race myself," she cried. "But I'm just as excited as if I had." It was one of the closest finishes in ocean powerboat racing and certainly the closest in the eight-year history of the Long Island Marathon.

"It was a textbook run," said Brown just before he accepted the huge Hennessy Trophy and the kiss from Gale Jacoby that went with it. "When we started out," he went on, moving his fingers to represent needles showing maximum performance, "the dial needles went wonk and they never moved again till we finished."

As for Don Aronow, the only trouble he had over the whole affair was getting to the race in the first place. Stranded in Miami with airline tickets rendered useless by the mechanics' strike, Aronow, who travels even faster on land than he does on water, jumped into his Cadillac with Crewman Jake Trotter and headed for New York. He made it in 20 hours at an average speed of 70 mph. "How fast are we going, Don?" Jake asked once along the way. "About 65?" "Nope," said Aronow. "120." Jake said nothing, but there was a firm click as he tightened his safety belt.

After that, riding a boat around Long Island at 60 mph was little more than a breeze.

END

THE CURTAIN FALLS ON A LONG RUN

by **TEX MAULE**

After nine years as the greatest fullback in pro football, Jimmy Brown retires from the game and plunges into a life of new challenges

The Cleveland Browns probably lost the championship of the Eastern Conference of the National Football League on the playing fields of Beechwood Park School for Boys near London last week. That is where Jim Brown, the best running back in the game for the past nine years, announced his retirement.

Brown was on location for his role as Robert Jefferson in the movie *The Dirty Dozen*. Dressed in combat fatigues, Brown called a hurried press conference, read a brief, rather formal statement during the lunch break at the studio, then answered questions for a few minutes before returning to the business of making a movie.

The next day, working outdoors in a stockade, which is the set for part of the motion picture, Brown was relaxed and genial as he discussed his decision. He sat slouched in a canvas folding chair with his name on the arm and on the back, while the movie crew worked on shots involving other actors.

"It was the right time to retire," he said thoughtfully. "You should get out at the top. And in the last three years, with Blanton Collier and Art Modell, I have been able to do all the things I wanted to do. Now I want to devote my time to other things."

"Do you want to be an actor?" he was asked.

"I am an actor," Brown said smugly. "What does it take before you are an actor? One picture? Ten?"

continued

AS AN ACTOR Brown is not yet the threat he was as fullback, but he is learning quickly from co-workers like Lee Marvin.





Twenty? I have one picture under my belt, and I'm working on this one. I am being paid for it. I belong to the union. What the future holds for me as an actor depends on my producers.

"I've got a lot to learn," he continued, "but I'm working on it. I'm lucky. I've had two real good directors, and directors are everything to me. First Gordy Douglas and now Bob Aldrich. Gentlemen. They do things quiet and easy. And I'm fortunate to be working with what you might term the big boys, starting with Lee Marvin. But I've got a lot of the little things to learn on my own. When you're in a scene with another actor, it's competition, baby. You're competing with him. The oldtimers know all the tricks, and they'll do things to surprise you or to take the attention away from you."

The scene was completed and a new one was begun. Brown turned the conversation back to football.

"I think the Browns will be all right," he said. "They may be even better without me because they will have a more

diversified attack. Leroy Kelly will get a chance to play more now, and that's all he ever needed. And Ernie Green is a fine back. I'll be in touch all the time. Most of them are my boys, anyway, so I'll know what is going on. I may miss the action on Sunday afternoon, watching and thinking of the things I could be doing, but that's all. It would be different if I were out of touch, but they are my friends, and Mr. Modell and I are still friendly."

Robert Ryan, who plays a colonel in the movie, was on camera now. He is a heavy in this picture, and he delivered a short, ominous speech, which Brown listened to with admiration. "Now what I want to do," he said when it was over, "is spend time with my organization. That's the Negro Industrial and Economic Union. I'm chairman of the board, and John Wooten [an offensive guard for the Browns] is president.

"I got this idea about two years ago," he went on. "After the Pro Bowl Game in Los Angeles. There was a group of young, talented Negroes out there who had started a magazine they called *Elegant*. It was a good magazine and a good idea, but they didn't have enough money. They were in debt to the printer, and they needed help. In my travels around the country with the Browns and when I worked for Pepsi-Cola, I ran into that situation a lot. I helped personally whenever I could, but it was too big a project for one man to handle. So I got the idea of forming an organization that would provide financing and technical help for Negroes. We formed our corporation about a year ago."

Brown was very earnest now, and for the first time he disregarded the movie activity going on around him.

"I worked it out with John Daniels, who was the editor of *Elegant*," he said. "Our attorney is Carl Stokes, who ran for mayor of Cleveland and only missed by a couple of thousand votes. But the officers and the executives are mostly athletes like me or Bill Russell or Mudcat Grant, and for a good reason."

A gentle rain began to fall, interrupting the shooting, and Brown got up to move his chair into a shed built as a prop in the stockade. He settled himself on the outskirts of a poker game going on among a group of extras.

"If everything opened up wide tomorrow, that is, if any position in the United States were available to a Negro, it still

wouldn't be the end of the dream," he said. "You have to be qualified to fill the position, and that's what we want to do. We want to help the Negro from the beginning, open up schools and maybe even trade schools for the ones who do not want to go to college. The middle-class Negro does not need help, and the guy with a Ph.D. doesn't need it, either. We want to help the ghetto Negro, and we think maybe we can do it, because as athletes we can reach them."

"Look, to the Negro in Harlem the Urban League doesn't mean anything. To the Negro in the ghetto, Whitney Young is a name he hasn't heard. But he has heard of Bill Russell and Mudcat Grant and Jim Brown, and he feels like he knows us. So he'll trust an organization we're in, and he'll come to us and maybe we can help him. We are sure going to try."

The rain had stopped and front outside an assistant director yelled, "You must all be bloody stone dead! Will you be quiet? We're shooting!"

When the shooting ended, Brown resumed.

"We're getting cooperation from business men and professional men, and we'll get more," he said. "Arnold Pinkney is a big insurance man in Cleveland. He sold a million dollars worth of insurance himself last year. He's put on four or five guys to train in his business. We will have men who own garages and stores, attorneys, everything—so that when someone comes to us and wants training, we can send him somewhere. And we're working on building up capital so that we'll have money available for Negro businesses, too."

A man put his head in the shed and said, "Forty-five-minute break for lunch." Brown got up and moved slowly toward the dining tent.

Someone asked him about Main Bout, Inc., the closed circuit television organization that handles Cassius Clay's fights.

"My role with Main Bout is a simple one," Brown said. "I am one of the officers. I own stock, and I am the individual who, more or less, put Main Bout together. Main Bout is not associated with the union, but it is an example of what Negroes should do and of what the union stewes. We have always been the gladiators in the ring, the men who were throwing the punches and getting a pretty good share of the money, but not the

continued



FRIENDSHIP with Cassius Clay started in 1964 that Brown will become champ's manager

A woman with blonde hair is shown from the chest up, holding a glass of rum and lime. She is wearing a light blue sweater and has a white towel draped over her shoulder. The background is dark and moody.

Tonight try Ronrico,
Puerto Rico's light, tasteful rum.
At a moment like this
you wouldn't play John Philip Sousa.



RONRICO
Rum in a new light

What can a little 5' 1", 102-lb. girl like Susan Catt do to make your next vacation drive more enjoyable?

Little things.



Susan is one of the specially trained girls on the Gulf Tourguard Team.

And her job is cleanliness.

She keeps a friendly eye on every Gulf dealer's station in her area.

Looks inside and out.

Checks the restrooms, display racks, pumps and equipment. (She even goes out back where you'd probably never look.)

All in all, she checks 49 little things that add up to one big thing.

Satisfaction.

Your satisfaction at finding consistently neat, clean stations where your driving takes a turn for the best at the Sign of the Orange Disc.

GULF OIL CORPORATION



share of the money we would get with closed-circuit TV or network TV.

"We were able to get a company together that had both black and white, and it was the first time that black men were involved in that particular phase of the business. If you know anything about closed-circuit TV and that type of thing, you know that when you're talking about a big fight, you're talking three or four million dollars."

As for managing Clay when his contract runs out, Brown said, "That's very flattering, but it's the first I have heard about it. It's not in the plans as far as I know. I like the champ, and he stays with me in my apartment here sometimes, but I never heard anything about managing him. He is a gentleman. He thinks about people's feelings more than almost anyone I know."

Brown walked into the mess tent and sat down at a long table with several other actors. A waiter brought him a dish of turkey, with potatoes and cauliflower. He listened to an argument going on between some American and English actors on the difficulty of playing cricket and agreed he would play on an American side in the vague future. But his mind was still on the union as he left the mess tent.

"One thing you learn in football," he said. "One thing I learned: you must have respect. Liking does not matter, but you must have respect. Once you are on equal footing, then the rest can develop. Once you respect me and I respect you, then we can begin to regard each other as individuals. I don't look at you as white or black but as a man, and the individuality stands out. If liking comes after that, it is because of what you are as a person, and it all starts with respect. That is what we want to give the ghetto Negro—the opportunity to earn respect."

Bobby Phillips, who is one of the Dirty Dozen, walked beside Brown. Phillips was once a defensive back for the Chicago Bears and the Washington Redskins. He is now a good actor and has spent time coaching Brown.

"You looked good," he said to Brown. "Did you see the rushes?"

"No," Jim said. "I was worried about the first part. I didn't like the 'Who' Made me sound like an owl."

They turned into the stockade, an enclosure about half the size of a football field, with a barbed wire fence surround-

ing it and three green, wooden structures inside, plus a welter of photographic equipment. Someone tossed Brown a football, and he caught it easily and threw it back.

"I used to get upset watching rushes," he said. "If I didn't like what I had done, I'd stay awake all night worrying about it. But you have to get over that. You have to be a little cocky to be an actor, same way you do to be a football player. When you get up before all these people and go through a scene, you have to feel sure that you are good, or you can't do it at all. And if you are doing a dramatic scene, you may have to do it over and over and bring it up from inside you each time. Sometimes after I have been working all day on a scene like that, I'm more tired than I would have been if I had played 60 minutes of football."

The ball came back to him, and he threw a wobbly pass to Phillips, who caught it and faked by another actor.

"Come on," Bobby said. "We got a game, Jim. We're playing against John and Stuart."

Brown grunted and ambled across the lot to Phillips. They huddled briefly, then Phillips came out with the ball and snapped it back to Brown. John Cassavetes, another member of the Dozen, rushed the passer, and Stuart Cooper, a tall, thin red-bearded American actor who lives in London, covered Phillips, who slipped in his GI shoes when he tried to make his cut. Brown's pass sailed ingloriously over his head.

They tried again, with Phillips throwing and Brown receiving, and this time Jim ran a short hook and dropped the hard pass from Phillips to hoots from the other actors. The game went on for some 20 minutes before Brown caught a pass that gave his side at least a moral victory.

The cameras were set up again by now, and Brown, most of whose scenes had been shot earlier in the week, returned to his camp chair.

"I could have played longer," he said. "I wanted to play this year, but it was impossible. We're running behind schedule shooting here, for one thing. I want more mental stimulation than I would have playing football. I want to have a hand in the struggle that is taking place in our country, and I have the opportunity to do that now, I might not a year from now."

He sat quietly for a moment, his strong



CLEVELAND'S NO. 32 may never again be seen wheeling around end, but Brown still enjoys a game of touch on the movie lot.

(Continued)

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LONG RUN

face intent. Later, another actor had said that Brown was a formidable competitor in a scene because of an intangible presence, due in part to his size but even more to the strength and dignity in his face. It was apparent now.

Phillips, who had gone off to appear in a brief scene, returned.

"You know a runner who reminded me of you?" he said to Brown. "He didn't look like you, and he wasn't as big, but somehow I thought of him watching you Ray Nolling."

"Yeah?" said Jimmy, his face brightening. "I don't think I ever saw him, but he must have been close to the ground when he ran. I mean these babies," he said, looking down at his feet. "Most good runners run that way," he went on. "You have to keep your feet close to the ground so you can maneuver. If you lift your legs high and take a long stride, you get in this position and you can't move." He got out of his chair and demonstrated, taking an exaggeratedly long and high stride and keeping obviously off balance.

"Jim Taylor, Lenny Moore, runners like that, they stay close to the ground," he went on. "Lenny looked like he had high knee action, but that was just at the beginning, when he was looking for a hole. Later it was low. The thing you have to learn as the pros is to do what you want to do right now. Say you're running a sweep. Get on out there as fast as you can so you don't get caught by some big tackle busting through. Then when you get on the outside, you float a second to let the guard come out ahead of you. Then you make your move quick again. You do it *ahead* of the guard's block, not after."

He was demonstrating the moves, his powerful body graceful in the familiar patterns.

"You think you might change your mind and go back?" he was asked.

"No," he said. "I quit with regret but no sorrow."

It is possible, of course, that Brown will change his mind and that, when the Browns open their season on September 11 at Washington 11 at Jimmy Brown, will be in the starting lineup. In fact, some skeptics say it is probable, that Brown is simply getting valuable publicity for his movie. But watching him on location at the Beechwood Park School for Boys outside London, such a possibility seemed very remote.

END

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Snug in the West Sussex Downs, a two-hour drive from London, gleams Glorious Goodwood, so named for its beauty by King Edward VII. This unusual and lovely racetrack has been the course of kings and the delight of at least one queen—Elizabeth II—since it was built on the estate of the Duke of Richmond in 1801. The pride of all Englishmen who love the sport, Goodwood affords a view of tall beech woods, ripening corn and valleys dotted with sheep and cattle. The Goodwood Cup, started in 1812 and run over two miles and five furlongs, is still one of the track's important events. Out of the woods and down the broad homestretch the finest horses in Britain compete for four days every July. And the faithful gather to enjoy—as the following pages show—stimulating hours of sun and style and tradition.

GLORIOUS GOODWOOD



Trim and tidy as a cricket pitch, Goodwood's peddock is surrounded by the social-minded as well as by observant punters, who later move to the bookies and mutual windows under the ancient trees. In the far background is Trundle Hill, where fans perch at popular prices.







A horse-loving British novelist and critic, Maurice Richardson, portrays the present joys and singular history of

RACING IN A DUKE'S BACK GARDEN

We British have no doubt that Goodwood is the most beautiful racecourse in the world. You have only to take one look at the layout—500 feet above sea level on the crest of a wooded, rolling stretch of green downs, with seductive, homely curves—to realize that Glorious Goodwood is no cliché. In the flat blue distance that stretches between the foot of the downs and the English Channel, Chichester Cathedral looks like a village church.

At Goodwood you can go racing in a duke's back garden. And on special days—aside from Goodwood Week, July 26–29, when the Queen and Prince Philip are generally staying there—you can drop into Goodwood House, which the duke still uses as a weekend cottage, and treat yourself to a lesson in English history that can't be found elsewhere.

The track at Goodwood, a looped figure eight, is quite tough, with severe gradients. It goes clockwise after a straight start, and the full course takes runners out of sight before they reappear from behind a clump of trees to turn into the finishing straight. It's not as severe as the maniacal Epsom Derby roller coaster with its hairpin bends, but it is hard work compared with the flat stretches of Newmarket or Doncaster.

One of the reasons why Goodwood, where attendance during the big July meeting averages 45,000, is so popular with the racing mob is the Trundle. This is a grassy mound, the remains of an

ancient British camp, which overlooks the paddock and the finishing stretch. A racing man I chummed up with on the way back from Gold Cup day this year at Ascot told me, "You can lie up on the Trundle with your bins [binoculars], see every little thing that goes on in the paddock and place your bets accordingly. You can spot if a 2-year-old has got heavy plates on, which means he won't be trying, or whether a trainer elbows the stable lad out of the way and insists on saddling the horse himself."

The history of the Goodwood track is bound up with the county of Sussex. It was founded by the third Duke of Richmond. The first duke, Charles, was the natural son of King Charles II and Louise de Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, sometimes known as "the baby-faced Breton." Duke Charles built the original brick house in Goodwood park.

Officers of the Sussex militia in the 18th century used to ride races in the Earl of Egremont's park at Petworth until they were banned because they insisted on bumping each other into a pond skirting the course. Their colonel, the third Duke of Richmond, who ran the Goodwood Hunt, in 1801 built a proper racecourse. In 1812 the Goodwood Cup was introduced, but already support for the meeting had dwindled. Later there appeared on the scene that famous eccentric, Lord George Bentinck, a passionately dedicated man. Lord George persuaded the fifth Duke of Richmond to let him build a new mile-and-a-half gallop at Goodwood.

Bentinck, the second son of the Duke of Portland, was himself a champion gambler. His own debut on the turf took place in the Cocked Hat Stakes when he was 22. A guest at this meeting, he got over the sartorial fence by having a lady's maid run him up a silk jacket and by appropriating the nearest cocked hat. The

race had to be run three times before he got the verdict.

Goodwood's Edwardian associations are famous. A piquant incident is told of a weekend at Goodwood House involving Edward, Prince of Wales and his friend, Lord Lonsdale, the Yellow Earl. The latter fancied that Lily Langtry, Edward's girl friend, had given him the eye, and he thought that the prince had overcelebrated and might be *hors de combat*. After a careful study of the rather confusing topography of Goodwood House, where they were all staying for the meeting, he set off in pitch darkness for Lily's bedroom. On the way he stumbled and nearly fell over. Clutching automatically for the nearest support, he found himself tugging a royal beard.

It was Edward VII who in 1904—the year after the present red-brick grandstand, with its red-stone facings, was built—democratized Goodwood by appearing in a white top hat. Next year no top hats were to be seen at Goodwood, only white bowlers, panamas, homburgs and straw hats. Until 1914 Goodwood marked the end of the social season. If you were seen in London after Goodwood you lost status.

The history of Goodwood House, with all those ancestral portraits staring at you from the walls, is too rich to be assimilated in a racing piece. But there's one story I find irresistible. Charles, the second duke, was married at the age of 18 to Sarah, daughter of Earl Cadogan, to settle one of his father's gambling debts. After the wedding he was rushed off on the Grand Tour in the charge of his tutor. Three years later, back in London, he went to a play and saw a ravishing beauty sitting in a box. "I must meet her," he cried. "You have," they said. "She's your wife, the toast of the town." They lived happily ever after and had 12 children.

END

In the Duke of Richmond's spacious box, Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip watch the post parade, while Royal Sussex club members, under umbrellas in a private enclosure, search for winners.



PRETTIEST FAN IS RIO CARNIVAL QUEEN SOLANGE OUTRA NOVELLI

HÖSIEST FAN IS BRAZILIAN WITH TAMBOURINE AND FANCY BANNER



BONGO! FOR THE GOLDEN CUP

Brazil's craziest fans and 16 great teams assemble in England to decide the world soccer championship
by **TEX MAULE**

Odds are that the patrons of Spellow House on Caudisson Row in Liverpool would not know the Chicago Bears if they ran through the bar with their helmets on—which is one of the charming things about Spellow House. But the talk is all football, nonetheless, and last week the "scousers" (natives) were caught up with the World Cup matches, as were an awful lot of people in a lot of other pubs around the world. They made up a record radio, TV and live audience, and 900 million soccer fans can't be wrong.

There was plenty to talk about. The World Cup may be the most widely followed event in sports, not bad for an affair that only started in 1930. And its enthusiasts will tell you further that the World Cup is the only truly international competition around today, considerably more meaningful and a whole lot more exciting than the Olympic Games, which also come off every four years. Three years back, some 70 teams began kicking each other lumpy in the eliminations. And this month, as the 16 finalists assembled in England for the championships, the sports scene took on shadings of the World Series, the Hambletonian and the Rose Bowl.

An estimated 35,000 fans were scattered around London, spilling over into the surrounding communities as well. Although thousands of tourists who came to England for the matches made small impact on London (a blase city of eight million that is flooded with tourists at this time of year anyway), the Brazilian fans scattered through a considerable part of six hotels managed to make their presence felt. For one thing, Brazilians are extremely vocal, even for soccer fans. For another, their team was the two-time defending champion and a solid favorite to win once again.

Most continental fans stayed home until the day that their team was to play, then flew to



BAREFOOT BONGO PLAYER DRUMS UP SENTIMENT FOR BRAZIL ABOARD THE SWINGING LONDON-TO-LIVERPOOL SOCCER EXPRESS

OVER PINTS OF ALE AT LIVERPOOL'S SPELLOW HOUSE, FAITHFUL FANS MEET TO SOLVE WORLD PROBLEMS; NAMELY, WHO WILL WIN?



England for the game, returning home as soon after as possible. Because of this, Air France scheduled 106 extra World Cup flights. When France played Mexico last week in Wembley Stadium the French fans marched in to the tune of *la Marseillaise*, and Air France flew 30,000 carnations over to cheer them up.

When Italy played Chile in another early game the Italians swamped the stadium, since it is much easier for Italians to reach Sunderland, in the north of England, than it is for the Chileans. But the natives of Sunderland cheered for Chile so that matters were almost even.

The players themselves were warned in advance to behave while in England, and Brazil even went so far as to forbid its bachelors to marry until after the matches. The romantic Italians, traveling through Europe on a pretournament tour, found themselves denied hotel chambermaids by the team manager, simply to insure against any adverse publicity before the World Cup began. The Swiss team, admittedly one of the weakest in the tournament, was weakened even more by the suspension of two key players who were observed returning to their hotel after curfew in the company of two young ladies. The Argentine team took quarters in the midst of Birmingham, because its players come from big cities and are accustomed to noise. And the Brazilian team, which had hunted around for solitude—practically nonexistent at World Cup time—finally settled down to peace and quiet and four gargantuan meals a day in the Lymn Hotel in Cheshire, some 20 miles from Liverpool.

But whatever the behavior of the teams off the field, measures were taken to insure that they would have no artificial stimulation once play began. Two players from each team, drawn by lot, were to undergo urinalysis after each match to make sure they were not being given pep pills.

Dr. Hilton Gosling, a plump, pleasant man, who is the medical director of the Brazilian team, immediately complained about the tests on the basis that the Brazilians were inveterate coffee drinkers and that their moderate intake of coffee might show up as a stimulant in any kind of test. He was silenced by the British doctor in charge (who must be nameless by British law).

"Any Brazilian who drank enough coffee or tea for the caffeine to take

effect," he said, dryly, "would never be able to finish the game anyway."

Once that issue was medically settled, Dr. Gosling had one final point to make. "We are better organized this time," he said. "In 1958, when we first won the cup, no one was expecting us. Now everyone is pointing for us. It will be more difficult, but I think we will win."

It was a bold enough comment to make any loyal Briton since—especially the taciturn Alf Ramsey, a withdrawn man who has coached the British side for three years toward this championship.

"We will win the cup," Ramsey insisted, in a straightforward—and widely printed—direct quote. Part of the reason for Ramsey's confidence is that he has the respect of his players, although he never seems to satisfy the British sportswriters. It is a tradition in European soccer coverage that any sportswriter is more expert than any coach.

In fact it was clear last week that all of Europe was shot through with expectations. Soccer statisticians figured that 2½ million spectators would pay five million dollars to attend the matches at eight stadiums; more than 1,600 journalists would send out reports in more than 30 languages; more than 700 radio and TV broadcasters would cover the preliminary matches—and the final game would be seen by more than 400 million on worldwide television.

All of this was played, naturally, to the background strains of the *World Cup March* and, for the less martial, there was a World Cup rock 'n' roll song suitable for fruggers. There were cup-inspired neckties, T-shirts, puzzles and balloons—and, finally, a World Cup special police force, 24 roving anti-pickpocket experts from Scotland Yard.

The object of all this plotting and planning and hysterical behavior is a small, gold-plated trophy about the size of a beer bottle and not terribly impressive as trophies go. It was stolen four months ago, after it had been brought to England from Rio de Janeiro, and wasn't recovered until a dog named Pickles accidentally dug it up while looking for a bone in a suburb of South London. But the trophy itself means nothing, of course. What is important is what it means to the teams involved.

In brief, the World Cup works this way: the 16 teams are drawn into four groups of four each. In each bracket they play a round robin, each team playing

one game against the other three. Two points are awarded for a victory and one for a tie, and at the end of the round robin the two top teams move into the quarter-finals; the bottom two go home. If a tie should develop within the group, the team to advance is decided on a peculiar goal-average system in which the number of goals a team has scored is divided by the number it has given up.

Pretournament odds had placed the favored Brazilians at 9 to 4 and the host English at 3 to 1, with Italy 7 to 1, West Germany 9 to 1, Argentina and U.S.S.R. at 11 to 1, Portugal (in the same group with Brazil) at 25 to 1 and the rest of the field scattered out until one reached Mexico and Switzerland at 200 to 1. But the local turf accountants were complaining that there was very little action, primarily because no one wanted to bet at 9 to 4 on—and certainly no one wanted to bet against—Brazil.

The main reason was Edson Arantes do Nascimento, who stands 5 feet 9, weighs 148 pounds, moves like a muscular ballet dancer and may be the best soccer player who ever lived. As an unknown 17-year-old, this marvel who calls himself Pelé led Brazil to its first world championship, and now, better than ever, he was back again.

Just before the opening game, Pelé was reputedly offered \$1 million in American money to sign a contract with an Italian team following the World Cup, with another million dollars to go to his home club in Brazil. He turned down the offer. "He does not need the money, and he does not like the winter in Italy," a Brazilian official explained, shrugging. "And if he went to Italy, he would have to learn the language."

As a soccer player, Pelé speaks a multinational language, and more fluently than any of his contemporaries; and he began to speak early in the opening game against Bulgaria in Liverpool.

More than 3,000 Brazilian fans were carefully spaced through Goodison Park, home of the Everton team during England's regular soccer season, but none of them was seated in the first three rows. The English have a firm suspicion of the ability of any Latin American to control his emotions. There were not enough Bulgarians on hand to worry about, although the Everton and Liverpool fans adopted Bulgaria and nearly outshouted the Brazilians during the course of the evening.

But they found little to cheer. Pele and Garrincha (Portuguese for Little Bird) blew the Bulgarians out of contention with a pair of beautiful free shots. The free shots were well earned, since Pele was marked with more savagery than good sense by Bulgaria's tall, dark, young defender, Dobromir Zhechev. To mark a man in soccer is to cover him man-for-man, and it offers considerable opportunity for mayhem for anyone so inclined. Zhechev was so inclined, and he tripped and held Pele most of the evening.

But Pele is a virtuoso at controlling the ball delicately with his feet, passing it accurately across the pitch to a teammate, striking it forcefully with his head and faking well when he does not have possession of the ball. And he is easily as mean a player as Zhechev.

The South Americans were not supposed to relish body contact, and obviously Zhechev's assignment in this game was to determine whether or not he could intimidate Pele by tackling hard (not tackling as known in American football, but taking the ball away as it is dribbled by kicking at it). Zhechev seemed to have difficulty differentiating between Pele and the ball.

Pele ignored Zhechev for a long time. Then he came in over the ball and laid Zhechev out on the turf, drawing a penalty, but not a serious one. Coming in over the ball means kicking over the ball at the shin of an opponent, scoring him with one's cleats. Pele did this with all the finesse he used on his free shot later in the game, and he discouraged Zhechev for the rest of the contest.

Pele's goal came after he had been fouled and awarded the free kick. The Bulgarians set up a four-man wall 10 yards in front of him, but he kicked a wide curve around them and into the net. Later, Garrincha did the same thing from the other side of the goal, much as if Brazil had used a left- and a right-handed pitcher in the course of a baseball game.

In spite of such fancy footwork, some Brazilians who had come down by train from London were disappointed. They felt Brazil had not played well.

"We see the same old faces year after year," murmured one fan.

"The old," another said, sleepily, "are good enough."

That night, back in Spellow House, a regular named Allie nursed his pint of butter and blinked his light-blue eyes

"That Pele," he said. "E 'ad them Bulgarians blowing for tugs, 'e did." Blowing for tugs is what American footballers do when they try to catch Gale Sayers.

"Yer right," agreed Allie's pal. "I ain't seen a better player since Donnelly docked." Since everyone obviously knew who Donnelly was, they all nodded, and the talk went on through the night.

Pele may have had the Bulgarians blowing for tugs, rightly enough, but all the combativeness of that opening match had left him with an injured knee. When Allie and friends showed up at the stadium for Brazil's next match, with lowly Hungary, the great Pele was on the bench. Hungary, in one of the several upsets of that first week's play, beat Brazil 3-1. It was the first loss for the Brazilians in World Cup soccer since 1954.

At week's end, England and Uruguay led Group 1, West Germany and Argentina were ahead in Group 2, the U.S.S.R. and Italy led Group 4—and Brazil was fighting for its life. Even with Pele expected to return to action, Brazil needed a convincing victory over strong Portugal, the Group 3 leader, in order to advance.

And if they failed, as Allie might say, "Wot a bloody shame." **END**



WHILE REFEREE CALLS PENALTY, BRAZIL SUPERSTAR PELE LIES WRITHING ON THE PLAYING FIELD AFTER FATEFUL INJURY



PUT A LION IN YOUR TANK

A group of weekend tennis players from Boston go on an African safari and soon find themselves trailing love—40 in a ridiculous and almost disastrous match with the king of beasts

by **BUD COLLINS**

I am a tennis player, not a big-game hunter, which is the only excuse I can offer for finding myself in Africa not long ago, sitting in the front seat of a Land Rover with an enraged lion on the hood. There we were, face to face, with only a windshield between us. I didn't even have a tennis racket to defend myself with, much less a rifle.

This silly predicament was the result of a conversation a few months before at the Longwood Cricket Club in Boston following a routine game of doubles. Jack Crawford, John Merrill and I had discussed making a safari, but our trip to Tanzania—formerly Tanganyika—

begin to take form when Merrill was introduced to 34-year-old Dr. Greg Hemingway, the youngest son of the writer.

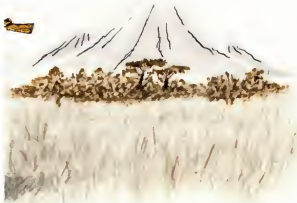
Greg had gone to Africa in 1954 to look around the country his father had glorified in *The Green Hills of Africa* and the stories *The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber* and *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*. He liked it, stayed, became a professional hunter and worked in the safari business for three years before returning to the U.S. to enter medical school.

Merrill, a surgeon who was nominated for the 1961 Nobel Prize for his part in devising the kidney-transplant operation,

is a keen hunter and good shot. He was scheduled to visit the West African country of Gabon to conduct a research project for the International Cardiology Foundation. Hemingway, who was headed for Africa at the same time, offered to take Merrill hunting.

Delighted at the invitation, Merrill asked whether his tennis-playing friends could come along. When Hemingway agreed, Crawford and I were in. Crawford was particularly eager to go. A 46-year-old club tennis player of some note, he had made a brief appearance in professional football after graduating from Middlebury College. Impulsiveness and

continued



physical sturdiness had won Crawford two Silver Stars, three Purple Hearts and a battlefield commission in the Hurtgen Forest during World War II, but he assured his wife that he would leave the bravery to somebody else on this trip and that he would not pull a lion's tail to prove himself, in the style of a Masai warrior.

Originally Jack and I hadn't intended to hunt—just see the country and animals and experience a safari. However, on reaching Moshi, at the base of Kilimanjaro in Tanzania, we decided to take out licenses. In country so vast, it seemed unlikely that we would endanger human or wild life, even though neither of us had fired a gun since the Army.

To maintain the supply of animals, the government issues licenses carefully. Our party was allotted one lion from the district we planned to hunt. On the eve of opening day in the bush we flipped a coin to see who would purchase the lion permit at \$180—no refunds to poor shots. Crawford won.

At 5 the next morning, with stars still covering the sky, Crawford and Hemingway drove off in a Land Rover to get a lion. Armed with .458 Winchester Magnum rifles, they drove almost 20 miles to an area where lions had been reported. Two days before Greg had made the usual preparation, stringing up a dead zebra in a tree as bait.

At noon the hunters returned to camp for lunch, disappointed. Jack was unhappy not only because a lion hadn't shown but because he felt bored sitting and waiting in cover 40 yards from the bait. He thought it a little unfair, too. It didn't seem possible to miss an unsuspecting lion who was at dinner.

After lunch—curried impala and homemade raisin bread, which the cook did nicely with a couple of banged-up pans—Hemingway and Dr. Merrill moved out to inspect other baits. Before leaving, Greg told Jack and me to take the second Rover and check another lion bait in the vicinity of a cluster of huts called Kwa Kuchinga. He gave us a Sauer over-and-under, a combination rifle and shotgun that holds one 9-mm. shell and one buckshot load and is useful for hunting antelope and birds. "Get something for dinner, a Thomson's gawle or some guinea fowl if you can," Greg said. "If a lion has been at the bait, we'll go back in the morning to take him with the big guns." With us he sent Harry

the Hat and Omari—two Africans serving as guides and trackers—and Gerhard Knopf, a young German scientist on holiday. Knopf had joined the group as a volunteer driver in order to share in the hunting.

As we set out we had the look of amateurs. Jack was wearing a madras plaid shirt and fatigue pants, while I was in jeans, a crew sweater and Red Sox cap, the last touch symbolic of our skill in this league. Knopf was driving the Land Rover, a Pullman-green oversize pickup truck that rides high above the ground and is built for punishing overland travel. This model, open in the back, was covered by a trapdoor roof, through which a spotter, standing on a box, could view the countryside.

Half an hour out of camp we arrived at the tree from which a zebra had dangled. No zebra. A lion—or something—had taken the carcass and left his prints. As Omari surveyed the ground, two scrawny Masai in their early 20s ran up to us. They wore the dirty orange togas that have costumed their tribe for centuries, blue beaded earrings that reached their shoulders—and huge grins. In Swahili they explained to Harry the Hat and Omari that a big lion was in the neighborhood, a desolate area of high grass and thickets with few trees. They requested that we get rid of him. One of them, named Lorika, whose overgrown backyard we were in, had lost a cow to the lion. His herd was in danger, and he was delighted to see Brown Crawford and the gun, confident that they would be his deliverers. Lorika, a 5-footer weighing about 105, said he would be honored to accompany the big fiasco—Crawford is 6 feet, 190 pounds—in slaying Simba.

Lorika and his buddy, Lesinae, joined us in the Rover. Omari crawled onto the hood to follow the spotter and motioned Knopf to drive on. He looked like a radiator-cap ornament, his head straining forward as he peered at the hard ground. The old tracker was unbelievable. No tracks were visible to us, yet Omari was reading them and pointing the way as the car jolted along at 20 mph.

After a mile or so Omari held up his hand. Directly ahead, almost hidden in the chest-high grass, was a lion.

"There's your lion, Jack!" cried Knopf.

"What do I do?" Crawford said. "Shoot him," said Knopf, handing

Jack the inadequate two-shot Sauer.

"Suppose he's only wounded with the 9-mm. and he charges?" said Jack.

"Give him the buckshot."

"That might not bother him," Jack said reasonably.

"Then," replied the German, filled with bravura, "it's you or him, Jack. Take this." He held out a hunting knife.

This seemed a little more casual than Jack had anticipated, but he wasn't going to back down. Lorika, the Masai, alighted from the car, waving his panga, an all-purpose blade the size of a bread knife. He had grown up trusting in a soon-to-be-shattered illusion that white men bearing guns are safe company.

Jack began to follow the little guy in the orange shift but, fortunately, Omari intervened. He warned that the job shouldn't be tried with a deer rifle and suggested we get heavier firepower. Leaving the two Masai to shadow the lion, we turned the Rover around and roared for camp.

The sight of the lion had us so excited that we forgot Hemingway's order to follow no dangerous animal unless accompanied by him, and he and Merrill were still searching for leopards when we reached camp. With nothing but lion on our minds, we grabbed the one Winchester .458 that had been left in Hemingway's tent and headed back for Kwa Kuchinga. The round trip took an hour and, improbable though it now seems, the lion had waited.

He was lazing in the long grass, but as soon as he saw us he started to run. Watching him go, Jack decided he'd better take a shot—he might never get another. It was opening day and he didn't know you aren't supposed to shoot at a running lion 150 yards away. Besides, you can't buy anything that way—except that Jack did. With an unfamiliar rifle whacking his shoulder and a trigger finger idle for two decades, he scored. He was lucky—except that it was the worst kind of hit. The bullet burned the lion's left front paw, a flesh wound that impaired the beast not at all but displeased him immensely.

The lion disappeared. We trooped into the Land Rover and gunned off through the underbrush in pursuit. Jack stood in back, his head and shoulders rising through the trapdoor, his elbows and the gun resting on the roof. Taking a left turn at a stand of grass, we came onto a clearing and began a five-minute

What idiot changed the Chivas Regal bottle again?

The same one who did it before.

What's he done this time?

He's replaced the cork with a screw-top.

Oh. What did he do last time?

Changed the bottle from green to clear.

Well, that was a good move. Maybe he's right this time, too. It's easier to open.

I kind of liked the cork, though. I know it didn't do any good, but I liked it.

Is it worth making a fuss about?

I guess not, as long as the whisky's made with that same wonderful 12-year-old Strathisla-Glenlivet.

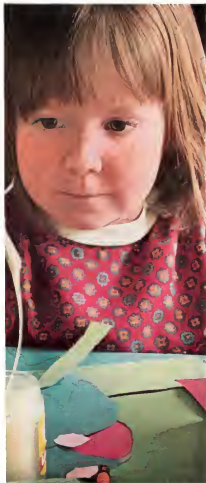
He isn't going to change that?

Are you kidding? What kind of idiot do you think he is?

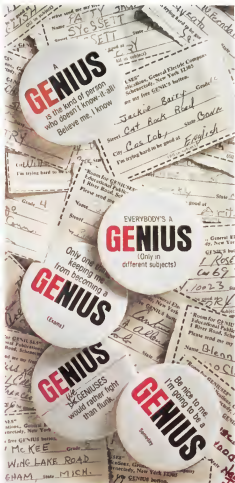


12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
4/5 QUART GENERAL BLEND, 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF)

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Improved General Electric lamps for general classroom lighting aid the learning process from kindergarten to college. Carefully engineered G-E lighting systems deliver more light for the dollar.



These tongue-in-cheek GENIUS buttons encourage students to work harder. More than 750,000 students and teachers wrote for them. So can you. Write: Room for GENIUSES, P.O. Box 143, N. Y., N. Y.

SEE THE PSA IN COLOR—ADD-TV, SAT., JULY 23 (5:30 P.M. EDT), AND SUN., JULY 24 (4:30 P.M. EDT)

A photograph of a person's profile as they operate a vintage computer terminal. The terminal features a teletype keyboard with dark keys and a few red function keys. The screen displays a BASIC program listing with line numbers and code. The person's hand is visible, typing on the keyboard. The overall scene is dimly lit, focusing on the interaction with the early computer system.

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LIST
10000  10 17  07 000 00/01/66
1 PRINT "WELCOME"
2 INPUT A
3 IF A=1 THEN
4   GOTO 10001
5   GOTO 10002
6   GOTO 10003
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(So we look for new ways to help students learn more and teachers teach more.)

The more America's population explodes, the louder become the echoes inside our classrooms. Right now, there are more than 53 million youngsters in school.

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come nightmare that could have served as a script for *Abbott and Costello in the Jungle*.

Ahead about 100 yards stood the lion. We stopped. Gerhard turned off the engine so there would be no vibration to bother Jack's aim. But when the lion saw the Rover, the huge green creature that had attacked him, he charged. Twice as big and twice as fast as Bronko Nagurski, the lion came head on at the car, a light-brown streak that seemed to cover the 100 yards in one bound. Actually it took about four seconds. He was gargling in a low, enraged tone. Not like M-G-M's Leo—more serious and committed. Jack was shooting from the roof. Once, twice. Missing, of course.

As the lion approached, striding so beautifully and swiftly, I was more fascinated than frightened. Sitting in the front seat, I could hardly believe what I was seeing.

"Can he go through the windshield?" I yelled.

"Pig! Pig!" the Africans were screaming at Jack. Gerhard and I were yelling, "Shoot! Shoot!"—a translation that was probably unnecessary.

Reaching the front bumper, the lion kept coming. Thinking perhaps that he had found his enemy's jugular, he opened his jaws and ripped apart a heavy tire that was bolted to the hood. Rover tires can withstand jagged rocks at high speeds, but this one exploded in a hiss of hot air.

Dissatisfied with the taste of rubber, the lion jumped onto the hood. For an instant he glared at the three of us in the front seat, then moved on, clambering to the roof to go at Jack.

As a sportswriter I am used to front-row seats—but this was too far front. Still, I was confident that Jack would stick the gun in the lion's face and end it.

The chorus of "Pya" grew louder and more hysterical. Harry the Hat, after looking a lion in the eye for the first time, lapsed from Swahili to the only English word he knew. The rest of the supporting cast began to come apart, too. Nobody knew what was going on. We in front couldn't see the lion directly overhead. Those in the back could see only Jack from the shoulders down and hear the snarling of the lion. Still there was no shot.

We knew the rifle held four shots, and everybody had counted the shots carefully. Three. It seemed that if Crawford

could hit a speeding 450-pound target at 150 yards he should be able to make a finishing shot at nine inches. But the fourth shot—where was it?

What we didn't realize was that the gun was empty. "I don't know how to load the damn thing full," Jack yelled. "I only got three bullets in it."

The lion roared at Jack, who was using the gun barrel like a bayonet, poking the beast in the face while he ducked claws. Always objective about opponents, Jack later reported that the lion had a fine backhand, wild green eyes and very big teeth.

As Jack fought, Loriku and Lesinae, the Masai, rolled into a shivering lump at his feet. It was obvious they were in the hands of lunatics and that they would soon be lunch meat. Behind the wheel, Gerhard pulled himself together and started the motor. He threw it into first and kicked the gas. The movement of the car pitched the lion from the roof and he ran into the grass to the left. We stopped again to regroup.

"Give me some bullets. There aren't any back here," Jack called. To calm himself, Harry the Hat was trying to shove .458 shells into the too-small chamber of the deer rifle. I took them from him and handed them back through a window to Omari. Admirable guide

and tracer of lions, Omari was not the man to load a gun at this time. Unnerved by Crawford's performance and aware of the lion's peevish coughing in the bushes 20 yards away, Omari had lost control of his fingers and was juggling bullets. Jack shook his head. His face had a what-are-we-doing-here smile. Throughout the attack he was unshaken though inaccurate. He grabbed some shells from the shaken Omari and loaded the rifle just as the lion came back to assault the vehicle from the side, intent on diving into the already crowded back seat.

For once Jack made a decent shot, wounding the lion in the back as he was about to spring. Although this didn't topple him, it discouraged him from leaping and sent him under the Rover, where he lay grumbling and trying to disembowel the wicked machine.

"Now what?" Crawford asked.

As he pondered the situation Oman grabbed the rifle, leaned out of the car and began firing underneath with no idea where the bullets were going. Lovely. It was 6:15, a quarter of an hour before sundown. I imagined Omari shooting out the tires, leaving us sitting there in the dark with that lion making nasty noises. There had been no time to think about being afraid, but now the feeling began

continued



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TENNIS SAFARI • CONTINUED

to take hold because there was no putting off nightfall. We had a wounded lion with us and we were going to have to kill the thing before we left.

We had broken the hunting code—as we were later to learn—by chasing a lion with the Rover and shooting from the car, but despite our Mack Sennett approach we did know that you don't leave a maimed animal to suffer or to imperil residents of the area.

I worried that if we had to get out and wander around looking for the lion somebody would get hurt. Gerhard was thinking the same thing. "We must get this lion before he crawls back into the grass," he said. He shouted to Jack: "Take the gun away from the old man." Then he opened the door, reached up and pulled himself onto the roof. I slammed the door behind him so fast it almost took off his leg. From the roof, Gerhard lowered himself through the trapdoor and joined the folks in back.

With admirable poise, Gerhard reloaded the gun. He asked Jack to hold his ankles and lower him over the side until he thought he could see the lion. Then, with an upside-down shot right out of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, Gerhard hit the lion in the head. The great, courageous animal bolted toward the protective grass, but a final shot by Jack dropped him forever.

"Today's episode of *Looney Tunes* in the jungle is over," Jack said as he got out to salute his opponent. He patted the black mane. "You were a very brave lion. Too brave for your own good. You didn't get me—but you deserved to."

Reprieved, the Masar uncuffed, tumbled from the Rover and shook Jack's hand. They were smiling again and talking. I suppose they were saying, "It was never in doubt, *Buans*. We knew you'd win all the time."

When we returned to camp Greg Hemmingsway was justifiably furious. Responsible for us as well as hunting protocol, he kept Jack and me close to him for the rest of the safari. After scolding us he eventually softened. "Jack," he said, "you found yourself the bravest lion in Africa. They just don't set that way."

Could be, but you'll never get me to believe it. Or Crawford. We're back at Longwood now and in a little while we'll be on the court playing in our regular doubles game. The action isn't quite as fast as it was in Tanzania, but the company is friendlier. **END**

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Sports Sedan
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for rallies,
mountain driving,
hard cornering,
and cloudbursts.

We
hate
to admit
it's just a
family car.



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Its front-wheel drive gives you tight cornering, arrow-straight steering, and road-hugging stability over the wettest, slickest surfaces. But isn't that what makes a great family car? The liquid suspension system just about repaves the road for you.

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And those fade-free disc brakes and that up-to-30 mpg and that \$1861* price tag — that's family, too.

But remember this when you're in the bucket seat, hand at the ready on the 4-speed stick shift. You're piloting a full-blooded MG that cruises easily at turnpike speeds. If it weren't for the kids chattering in the back seat, you'd think you were driving a sports car.



MG SPORTS SEDAN—
ANOTHER ACTION CAR FROM
THE SIGN OF THE OCTAGON.

Secretary of Defense **Robert McNamara** was talking about the possibility of protracted war in Vietnam as he faced a press conference, but that's not why he often winced and swayed against the podium. Fact of the matter, he had unknowingly chipped an anklebone eight days previously while playing tennis with former Deputy Defense Secretary **Roswell Gilpatrick**. Later that day the ankle, throbbing acutely, was put to rest in a cast at Andrews Air Force Base. Said one aide: "I wish I could get a game with him now. He's too tough when he has both ankles going for him."

Mix together 10 professional golfers (such as **Art Wall** and **Tommy Bolt**) and 20 professional football players (such as San Francisco's **John David Crow** and Denver's **Cookie Gilchrist**) and what do you get? A very rude raspberry—in Buffalo, anyway, where the 30 assembled for a gamemock tournament, and the people of the city stayed away. In fact the Junior Chamber of

Commerce, sponsors of the unhappy affair, figured their losses at \$50,000. Not much better off was **Gilchrist** (below), who shot a 248 for 36 holes—108 strokes over par. He had never played golf before a gallery, **Cookie** explained, not even one as sparse as Buffalo's. "It's a lot different when people are watching you," he said. "They stand there waiting for you to hit the ball a mile, to flub it or to miss it completely. Let's just say that I wasn't hitting them a mile."

"Last year Somebody was looking out for the Twins," the Rev. C. Philip Hinerman wrote the *Minneapolis Tribune*. But this year "the Lord has withdrawn His blessing" from the league champions because they carried Second Baseman **Jerry Kindall**, a nonproductive hitter who nevertheless exerted a winning influence on the team through prayer meetings and Bible-study groups. In other words, said *The Clergyman* *Centers* in a closing summary of Mr. Hinerman's theology, "Somebody up there

is stuffed." Not really, said Hinerman. "My intention was just to have a little fun." And anyhow, said **Jerry Kindall**, now freshman basketball coach at the University of Minnesota, the "prayer meetings" were more like bull sessions and, whatever ails the Twins, don't blame the Lord.

England's antihero playwright **Henry Livings**, in Cincinnati for an American opening of *EA2*, his two-act farce about a boiler-room night watchman, broke off preparations long enough to absorb the 10-act drama of the All-Star Game on television. "I was surprised by how elegant it was," said Livings. "It seemed almost in slow motion and had such a strange grace about it." Stranger still was the pitchers' ability to throw curve balls. Livings was skeptical. "But then I was one do it was unbelievable."

A driver for 18 years ("if I had to choose between harness racing and public office I wouldn't want to"), Delaware Attorney General **David Buckson** had his mare in the lead at Brandywine Raceway with a 10th of a mile to go. But she faded in the stretch, and 24 other state attorney generals, in Wilmington for a convention, dolefully tore up their pari-mutuel tickets. "I tried hard, but I'm not too sorry I lost," said Buckson heartily, to console his friends. "It might have been unseemly for me, the host, to win on my home grounds."

Kind of hung up on sports, San Francisco's **Jane Marsh**, everybody said, would wind up swimming professionally or studying animal husbandry. Instead, Jane changed all that by becoming an opera singer three years ago and last week returned to the U.S. from Moscow with a first prize in the renowned International Tchaikovsky Competition. Moscow nice? Marvelous most ways, said Jane, who still swims at least four days a week, but she didn't spot Moscow's 354-

acre heated pool on the edge of town until the day she was to leave for home. Said the poised soprano, contemplating a return visit this winter: "I went flappy when I saw it."

That cauliflower face on **Terry Downes** (below)—is that what boxing does to man? This time, no, for the uncommonly versatile Downes (newspaper copyboy, U.S. Marine, London bookmaker, world middleweight champion), now wealthy enough for a fancy house and Rolls-Royce, has merely taken to dabbling in the flicks, portraying in his first role a hideous hunchback in a horror-film satire called *The Vampire Killers*. Terry, asked to wrestle a wolf and toboggan down a hill in a coffin during the course of the film, wondered, "Why me?" when asked to take the part. "Then I figured they ought to know their business. After all, it's better than lying around at home, it's never a waste of time going through a new experience, and it's bound to be a giggle."





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The perfect Tom Collins
demands a craftsman's touch.
When you make the drink.
When we make the gin.

Seagram's Extra Dry the perfect martini gin,
also makes the perfect collins.
Perfectly smooth,
perfectly dry,
perfect.



Two to try when coming through the rye



FRANCIS GILLEN

The technique for escaping from high rough is worth learning—as British Open winner Nicklaus can attest.

It may not happen often, but every now and then the weekend golfer hits a shot so far off line that it strays into an area of his golf course that was never really intended for play—a place where the rough is knee-deep. Usually he takes an unplayable lie, or hacks it out in three or four shots and tries to forget the whole thing. The pros, on the other hand, rarely face such a shot. But two weeks ago, at the British Open in Muirfield, we all received a reminder of what high rough is like. The grass bordering the fairways at Muirfield not only was a foot to 18 inches deep, it was topped with a heavy head of grain that caused the stalks to droop.

Two types of shots are involved when the rough is this deep: one for when you are a considerable distance from the green, the other for when you are just at the edge of it. On the longer shot you must surrender any hope of trying to reach the green. Your goal is merely to get the ball onto the side of the fairway that will best open up the green for the next shot. By doing this,

you may reduce what seems to be a certain loss of one stroke to something like half a stroke. You should use a wedge or a nine-iron, because these clubs have enough loft to get the ball up quickly and enough clubhead weight to fight through the grass. The blade should be opened at address, for the grass will grip the clubhead as it comes down and tend to close the face. The backswing should be upright to reduce the quantity of grass that must be mowed through, and the downswing hard, with the left hand extremely firm. You won't get much distance, but you should be able to hit far enough to reach the proper side of the fairway.

An explosion shot is the best answer to deep grass around the greens, though it takes a little nerve. You should hit two or three inches behind the ball, just as if hitting from sand, and emphasize the follow-through, for that is what gets the ball up. The explosion shot out of deep grass behaves the same way it would if hit from sand, landing softly and not rolling very far.

The fastest crowd in the canine jet set

For an ambitious Afghan hound owner it is not enough to have a dog who stands in the forefront of fashion. Now many Afghan fanciers are making their chic, tailored pets get out on the track and run in front as well

No dog on earth appears more surely born to wealth and leisure than the Afghan hound. Its naturally tailored slacks and casual coiffure make the sleekest members of the jet set look desheveled by comparison. But, more than good looks, the Afghan has talent: it can run as fleetly as the wind on the hills of Kabul, where its ancestors hunted leopards.

In some of the smarter Eastern dog shows of late, Afghan fanciers from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Connecticut have taken to manhandling their dogs against one another in speed as well as beauty. They have even band-

ed themselves and their hounds into an organization known as The Eastern Coursing Club.

Some of the best Afghans in the nation took part in a recent meeting of the ECC in doggy Greenwich, Conn. They spent the morning, as all good show dogs must, being groomed and posed and stared at and prodded by stern judges. Then, the judging done, the dogs moved out to the coursing field to strut all that stuff. The race was scheduled for 1:30 p.m. but, as Bob Gilson, an ECC founder, said, "nothing ever starts on time," so it was 2 before things really got under way.

Gilson and a friend, Frank Holder, had spent the morning roping off a 15-foot-wide, 180-yard-long straightaway and setting up the starting box, a formidable wooden shed divided into four stalls painted blue, white, red and green. When the gate opened, the dogs were supposed to take off after a foxtail pulled along the course by a fishing reel. Trouble started when it became clear that only a few of the 24 entrants had raced before or had any understanding of the principle involved.

Some of them refused to get in the gate at all, others (fortunately muzzled) tried to bite the handlers who picked



BLOND AFGHANS KENNY AND KURI GOT SO INTERESTED WATCHING A RIVAL START THAT THEY ALMOST FORGOT TO RACE THEMSELVES

them up and pushed them into the stalls. A couple of the dogs just stood there, shaking, trying in vain to free themselves of the colored silk saddles that they wore so spectators could tell which dog was which.

The dogs raced in heats, and when each batch of four runners was ready the starter alerted the man in charge of the foxtail by means of a walkie-talkie, then waved a checkered flag.

Up went the gate and out came the dogs—some of them. Although an experienced courser was put in each heat with the novices, his example was not always followed. One black Afghan simply stayed inside the box watching the foxtail recede. Kenty and Kuri, cream-colored brothers owned by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Towne of Darien, Conn., stopped to admire the brave start of a handsome black competitor, then nosed along the ropes, sniffing at spectators. Another cream hound got halfway up the course, stopped, looked bored, then turned around and headed back to the start.

"There's that darling little bitch who won this morning," said a woman in orange as Ann Barry's silver-coated Lysandra took off like Buckpasser.

The bitch in question—Lysa for short—an excellent racer despite her show-dog look, had not coursed for eight months, but she easily beat Rhoda Winter Russell's Duxy (Duchess Royal Dhus-fee), a California-bred hound already timed in 11 seconds on a 180-yard track. Another heat winner was Lobo, a frisky black that lives in Brooklyn and came to Greenwich with a record of 12 victories in 12 starts. Lobo gets his exercise running along Manhattan Beach and is a serious competitor. On the course at Greenwich he proved as speedy as ever, and just as grumpy if another dog bumped him. When it wasn't his turn to race, however, Lobo howled support from the sidelines, drowning out most of the large, cheering crowd around him.

Lobo and Lysa were matched in the final, and they came leaping out of the box with coats flying, ears flapping and feet thumping (but quietly, because Afghans don't make much noise, even on a racetrack). In just 12 seconds it was all over.

The winner by about an Afghan length was Lobo. Still undefeated, as smooth and fashionable as ever, he headed back to Brooklyn with a silver bowl and only slightly soiled feet.

END

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One time when a loser on a loser is a loser

Despite the Italian monopoly of the World Bridge Team Championship during the last decade, the time is long past when one or two areas could be said to have all of the world's best players. Today I find good players, able teachers and sound bridge publications wherever I go. On a recent trip to the Orient, for example, somebody showed me a copy of *New Zealand Bridge*, an excellent publication put out by a comparatively small but highly knowledgeable bridge community. I was particularly intrigued by the following deal. It may be that the play called "a loser on a loser" is so well known that this little problem is not really a problem at all. Nevertheless, I warn you to watch your step. In order to enjoy the hand fully I suggest that you cover up the East and West cards until you have decided how, as South, you will play to make your small slam.

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 ♠	PASS	3 ♠	PASS
3 ♥	PASS	4 ♠	PASS
5 ♠	PASS	5 ♥	PASS
PASS			

Opening lead: jack of diamonds

South rather suspected that North's diamond bid was not a genuine suit, but his raise completed the description of his hand and his spade weakness precluded any further action over six hearts.

If you had bid a grand slam, you would, of course, have no choice but to ruff the opening diamond lead and play for several good breaks, notably in clubs and trumps. But at six you can afford to give up a trick. How, then, do you play to the first trick and what is your plan for making the small slam?

No doubt you recognized that your best move was to let East win the ace of diamonds, insuring that you need do your ruffing in only one hand, your own, and guarding against the possibility of finding four trumps in one hand against you. But if you decide to discard dummy's spade loser on this first trick—the loser on loser play—and plan to establish dummy's clubs, you have lost the contract.

East would win the diamond trick with his ace and return a spade, knocking out dummy's ace. You cash the ace of clubs and ruff a club high, but find that you will have to ruff another. So you lead your 6 of hearts to dummy's 9, and ruff another small club with your second top trump. Now you lead the jack of hearts and overtake with dummy's queen, intending to draw the last trump with North's 10 of hearts. But the hearts don't break either and West makes his trump trick. Nor would it have helped you to hold the lead with your jack of hearts. You would have to use one of dummy's trumps for a ruff in order to get into the North hand, and West would still make a trump trick.

Your error was your haste to throw a loser on a loser. Once you were going to give up a trick to the ace of diamonds, there would be plenty of time to discard dummy's spade loser on your diamond king or queen. Instead of throwing that 6 of spades on the first diamond lead, you should have thrown a small club. Now when East wins the trick, he cannot attack dummy's spade entry without establishing two spade tricks in your hand. Even if West refuses to cover your queen of spades and later throws a spade, the first time you lead a low club from dummy you will make your slam easily. A spade lead to the ace will enable you to ruff a second club high. Then you can cash the heart jack and lead the heart 6 to dummy's 9 to extract West's last three trumps. North's high clubs take the remaining tricks.

Did you go down one? The good players down under made it.

END



Why did Alcoa hire Rod Wilson?



Here's what W. H. Davis, Alcoa's General Manager-Industrial Relations, says about Army ROTC graduates:

"When our recruiters turn up a young man with the professional and technical skills the job calls for, and who can also point to military experience as an officer, we hire him. We've found this combination is a sound indication that a candidate possesses better than average initiative, foresight, and responsibility. These are qualities we rate very highly at Alcoa, and we gladly pay a premium to get them."

Companies like Alcoa hire large numbers of college graduates for important jobs. When they need men to fill key positions—men capable of moving to the top—they want those who have proved they have what it takes. Men who won't settle for "good enough." Men who seek and measure up to responsibility.

Where does Alcoa find such men? Right where they found Rodney Wilson—among college men who took ROTC and fulfilled their military obligation as officers in the Active Army.

They couldn't pass up Rod Wilson and his impressive training and experience in motivating and directing men. In Army ROTC at Colorado State University, he won the coveted honor of "Distinguished Military Graduate," and an officer's commission in the Regular Army along with his college degree.

Forty-four months of active duty, including sixteen months overseas as an artillery commander, earned Rod Wilson a set of 24-carat credentials as a leader, a man schooled in the demanding disciplines of command . . . the kind of men Alcoa was looking for.

If you're this kind of man, prove it to yourself, and to the companies like Alcoa who are looking for you. Earn an officer's commission and double your chances for success through

ARMY ROTC



A Legal Eagle and His Boy Scout

In an attempt to get the ever-losing Washington Redskins on the warpath Edward Bennett Williams (left), club president and defender of Jimmy Hoffa, Bobby Baker, et al., has hired Otto Graham as coach, a man who thinks night life is a cafeteria dinner BY ROBERT H. BOYLE

It was football season, and Edward Bennett Williams was uncharacteristically depressed. Edward Bennett Williams is a famed lawyer, a celebrated mouthpiece, a legend in his time. Among his clients have been Jimmy Hoffa, Frank Costello, the late Senator Joseph R. McCarthy (Rep., Wis.), Congressman Adam Clayton Powell (Dem., N.Y.), Dave Beck and *Confidential* magazine. It was Edward Bennett Williams who dug up the evidence that Aldo Leardi did not put potassium cyanide in his commanding officer's minestrone. It is Edward Bennett Williams who is defending Bobby Baker.

It is also Edward Bennett Williams who last year took on what may prove to be his most troublesome client when he became president of the Washington Redskins of the National Football League. "I have some kind of a crazy notion that I'm a winner," says Edward Bennett Williams now, "and, by God, I'd go out there and the Redskins would get shellacked every Sunday! I didn't believe it!"

When the Redskins lost their fifth straight game his wife, Agnes, asked if any team had ever lost all 14 games. His seven children stared at him with youthful skepticism as he tried to find something glorious in each defeat. When the Detroit Lions beat the Redskins 14-10, Williams in-

formed his kids, "The defense didn't give up a point. The offense did!" After the St. Louis Cardinals walloped the Redskins 37-16, the children said, "Gee, Dad." To which Williams replied, "We scored more points than in any game thus far." Such rationalization did more harm than good. When Williams asked his son Joby, who has trouble with math, how he had done in a test, Joby brightly replied, "I got the highest mark of all the kids who didn't pass."

At D.C. Stadium fans hung out signs saying COACH BILL McPEAK MUST GO and WE WANT LOUIS NIZER, and eventually McPeak became so desperate that he asked Williams to speak to the team. Williams obliged, while McPeak and his assistants stayed outside. "It was a seance, an exercise in dianetics," says Williams. "It was a psychiatric session in which everyone sat around a table in group therapy. Everyone puts out on the table those things which are bothering them, which, when made visible in the aggregate, don't seem as bad as when invisible. I spoke for 20 minutes on what was bothering me. Then the players spoke. All kinds of emotions came forward. Laughter. Anger. It was great."

After this unveiling of the invisible, the Redskins won six of their last nine games and ended the season *enormous*

with eight defeats and six wins. But Williams had decided that McPeak must go, and last winter, in what promises to be a new deal for Washington, he hired Otto Graham, the former great Cleveland Brown quarterback, as coach (aer cover). Getting Graham was not easy. In many ways it was a bigger coup for Williams than springing Jimmy Hoffa. For years Graham had rejected big-time coaching offers, preferring to stay at the Coast Guard Academy in New London, Conn. Otto had a home for his family near the shore, a commission (he was a regular captain) and no pressure. Yet when Williams offered him the job as general manager and coach, with powers comparable to those of Vince Lombardi at Green Bay, Graham accepted.

Graham's credentials are impressive. At Northwestern he was an All-America football and basketball player, one of the few athletes in collegiate history to be so honored. He played pro basketball with the Rochester Royals one season, and the Royals won the league championship. With the Cleveland Browns in the old All-America Conference and later in the NFL, he was All-Pro quarterback year after year. Indeed, there are many who consider him to have been the greatest quarterback of all time. In 10 years of play he gained more yards passing than Sammy Baugh did in 16. In 10 years of play Graham never missed a game, and in that time the Browns were in the playoffs 10 times, winning seven championships. "When Paul Brown talked contract, the championship game was part of it," says Otto. "We took the championship game for granted."

In 1959 Graham became football coach and director of athletics at the Coast Guard Academy. In 1963 he coached the team to its first unbeaten, untied season, a considerable feat inasmuch as cadets are admitted only on the basis of competitive examination. In his seven years at the academy the biggest lineman Graham ever had weighed 215 pounds. To Graham, football at the academy was fun. "If we got

one touchdown ahead I'd put in the second string," Otto says. "People would get upset, but I'd say, 'No, no, if the other team scores, they score.' If the game backfired and we lost—and this is the collegiate level—I wouldn't lose any sleep over it."

Between 1958 and 1965 Otto kept his name before the public by coaching the College All-Star team in Chicago, and there were at least a couple of occasions when he passed up possible victory because a player had not earned the right to play. For the past two years Graham also did the color commentary for the broadcasts of the New York Jets of the AFL. He had a high regard for the American Football League even before its merger with the NFL, stating publicly that the Buffalo Bills and San Diego Chargers could give any team in the NFL a battle. Ed Williams says, "I want Otto to be honest. He is honest. He says what he thinks. You always know what he thinks."

Williams and Graham are similar in a number of ways. They are hefty 6-footers, almost the same age—Williams, 46, is a year older—and they both grew up during the Depression in homes where money was tight. Williams' father was a floorwalker in a Hartford department store; Graham's father taught music at Waukegan (Ill.) High School (Otto played the piano, violin, cornet and French horn and majored in music and education at Northwestern, while an older brother, Eugene, played in the Redskin band while serving in Washington with the U.S. Marine Band). Williams and Graham both like to play paddleball—which Graham always wins, to Williams' groans and screams—but there all similarities end. Williams is witty, urbane, worldly, at home with high life and low life. By contrast, Graham is a great Big Boy Scout in the best sense of the term. A former president of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, Otto's only close look at crime came when a Cleveland neighbor and friend, Dr. Sam Sheppard, was accused of doing in

A basketball and football hero at Northwestern, Otto Graham was later a great passer and strong runner as the Cleveland Brown's quarterback.



Mrs. Sheppard with a blunt instrument. Otto's idea of a big night on the town is to eat a dish of chocolate ice cream. In Washington, Williams favors such sporty hangouts as Duke Zeibert's, but Otto, to Zeibert's heart-clutching dismay, heads around the corner for a tray at Scholl's Colonial Cafeteria. Graham was upset when a Washington sportswriter wrote, "Otto Graham is the highest-paid coach in the history of the Redskins, but he is so frugal he eats at Scholl's cafeteria." Otto says, "Gee, I like the place. Sure, the food is cheap, but it's good." At Scholl's, Otto gives a big hello to Mr. Fajfar, the manager, signs autographs happily for busloads of kids from Toledo and Omaha who pack into the place after seeing the White House, and jokes with the 83-year-old lady cashier. Otto has no airs at all. Otto is just folks. Otto believes in the Golden Rule. Otto is Jimmy Stewart in the old movie, *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*.

Graham's involvement in football is easy to understand. Williams' entry into sports was roundabout. When he was 8 he was bat boy for the Hartford Senators in the Eastern League. The big battery then was Van Lingle Mungo, pitching, and Paul Richards, catching. Ever the extrovert, little Eddie congratulated Franklin Delano Roosevelt upon his election to the presidency in 1932, and F.D.R. wrote back, "I was glad to have your picture for it helps to know you better." Williams had to hustle for a dollar. At 16 he ran a gas station during the summer for a chain. He earned \$17.82 for an 84-hour week. (Years later the company sought his counsel on an antitrust suit. Williams never let on that he had once slaved in its employ, but he derived a good deal of pleasure when he later presented his bill.) After graduation from Bulkeley High School in Hartford, he got a scholarship to Holy Cross, where he was graduated first in his class. "I was supposed to finish first, so I finished first," he says. He enrolled at Georgetown Law School, then enlisted as a cadet in the Army Air Force, where he received

a medical discharge following an airplane crash. He returned to Georgetown and, with still a year to go on his degree, went to work for Hogan & Hartson, one of the biggest law firms in Washington. He spent five years with the firm, most of the time defending a transit company against personal-injury suits. Trial law excited him, but he became saturated with negligence cases, so he left in 1949 to form his own firm, now Williams and Wadden.

Williams taught law at Georgetown for 10 years—he is general counsel to the university—and on occasion he has lectured elsewhere. "I'll talk about the law all day long," he says. "I have long felt that the law schools, the really fine law schools, were not putting sufficient emphasis on courses dealing with human rights rather than property rights. There are courses on real property, personal property, taxation, wills, damages, contracts, business associations, corporations, partnerships, estates. The result is that, slowly but surely, the student is getting the idea that it is far more important to be concerned with property rights than human freedom, and that there is something *déclassé* about standing at the bar with some unfortunate that society is trying to put in a cage. The student gets the idea that the *ne plus ultra* in law is to go to a Wall Street firm and work on a fragment of an antitrust action in some cubicle."

Because of the notoriety of some of Williams' clients, the adjective "controversial" is usually affixed in front of his name, and he says, "I suppose that means I have innumerable detractors." Within the profession Williams is held in the highest regard, and in writing the introduction to Williams' book *One Man's Freedom*, a bestseller in 1962, Dean Eugene V. Rostow of the Yale Law School commented that Williams has been a leader in "a refreshing movement to make the defense of criminal cases once more a respectable branch of the modern profession."

On occasion Williams has wielded his legal continued

Revised as a player, he directed the College All-Stars eight times, but his primary job for seven years was coaching the Coast Guard Academy.





Williams has clients who need more help than the Redskins. Here he listens to Frank Corvelli and leaves court with Adam Caplan Pasell.

knowledge on behalf of the Redskins. Last May he heard a report that George Wilson, coach of the Miami Dolphins of the AFL, was trying to sign Sonny Jurgensen, the Redskins quarterback. "I took care of George," says Williams, who had Wilson as an assistant coach at Washington last year. "I called him on the phone and said, 'George, I've been hearing a nasty story that you've been tampering with Sonny. I would like to get your denial.' Right away George equivocated a bit. 'Now, George,' I said. 'This is a very nasty rumor, and I would like to have your denial. We can stop the story right now. You know I wouldn't want to take legal action. How about it, George?' George hemmed and hawed, and I said, 'George,' and finally he denied it. I said, 'Thank you, George. That's good to know. Now if anyone says you've been tampering with Sonny I can tell them it's not true.'"

When Williams feels the world is too much with him he thinks of taking one of his dream jobs, such as masseur in the Supreme Court gym or postmaster of Seconset on Nantucket. Williams and his family summer on Nantucket, and he once had a run-in with the law there. He got a parking ticket, put it in his pocket and forgot about it. When he discovered it several days later he noted that he was supposed to have reported to the police immediately. Williams hastened to police headquarters, where a taciturn cop looked at the ticket, then at Williams and said, "This says immediately. This is Tuesday, and you got it Friday." Williams replied, "Immediately is a relative concept. There are some historians who say the Second World War followed immediately after the First World War. If you wanted me here within two hours, you should have put it on the ticket." The cop said, "Off-islander, eh?"

Football is of great help to Williams in his practice of law. "It's a total change of pace," he says. "I can get lost in it. There is a tremendous emotional drain in the practice

of law. There's no more difficult form of practice, I think, than trial practice. You end up each day physically and emotionally spent. A lot of trial lawyers have become burned out before their time. I get exhausted, absolutely exhausted, from a long trial, but I have a capacity to recharge. I used to love to watch baseball, but football has spoiled me. Bill Veck and I were going to buy the new Washington Senators. Bill's an old friend, a good friend. When Cal Griffith wanted to move the old Senators to Minnesota he needed a vote. Veck promised him the vote of the White Sox. We went to the league meeting at the Savoy Plaza in New York confident that we could not lose. I left the meeting sanguine in the fact that we could not lose. I was down in the bar talking to the sportswriters, puffing a big cigar and having a drink when the news was announced that General Quesada had gotten the new team in Washington. It seems Joe Cronin gave Griffith a dark look, and Cal deserted us and backed Quesada. It may have been the best thing that ever happened to me."

Before losing out on the Senators, Williams had become friendly with George Preston Marshall, the owner of the Redskins. "Marshall had no family in Washington," Williams recalls. "He was very interested in trial law, and I was interested in football. In 1957 or '58 I started to make road trips with the team, and George and I began to go to the games together. One day George asked me if I would go on the board of the Redskins. I was flattered, and it was fun. It gave me no authority of any sort. In 1959, or maybe 1960, George invited me to buy stock at a time when he was having a dispute with Harry Wisner [who then owned 25% of the stock]. But I had a problem. George had a white team. I didn't want that. George wasn't a racial bigot, but he had become obdurate. So I would not go into the ball club, and I told George it was foolish to go on like this, ignoring the greatest pool of athletics in the country.



A wary Jimmy Hoffa solicits Williams' advice before answering at a Senate hearing, as does Bobby Baker, who goes on trial later this year.

Our friendship didn't break over that, but after a very disastrous season, and after I had just finished the Adam Clayton Powell tax case in New York, George came out and said, 'Ed, I want you to get me Ernie Davis [the Negro star at Syracuse].' I asked, 'Why me, George?' He said, 'Well, Adam Powell will help you.' The three of us had dinner. It was so funny. George called Adam 'Parson.' He'd say, 'Now listen, Parson.' And Adam said 'I'm not going to get any house nigger, George. You'll have to get four other Negroes.' Adam and I went to see Ernie Davis, and after that George let me buy stock. Then we traded Ernie Davis to the Browns for Bobby Mitchell and a first-draft pick. And I'm embarrassed to say we wasted that first pick. We had no scouting. The situation was decadent. Our first pick was Leroy Jackson. Ever hear of Leroy Jackson? He fumbled his bus ticket when he was cut. That was the year we could have had Gary Collins."

Three years ago, after Marshall had become seriously ill with arteriosclerosis, Leo DeOrsey, a Washington lawyer, became a first vice-president of the Redskins and Williams a vice-president. When DeOrsey died a year ago Williams became president. Marshall still lingers at home, hardly able to speak or move.

Last season was a nightmare for Williams, yet even during the darkest months he senses excitement. "Trial law and sports are what I call contest living," he says. "Contest living is when every one of your efforts is measured at the end in the won or lost column. Most people go through life and make tremendous efforts, but it never goes up on the scoreboard. The pressure builds up with success. When you're always expected to win you put more pressure on yourself, and the more pressure you put on yourself, the tougher it is to stay. I've talked about this with champions. I'm a good friend of Joe DiMaggio. I had dinner one night with Joe, and it happened to be the night when Marilyn

Monroe announced she would marry Arthur Miller. We talked about pressure, and Joe said, 'When I came up to bat in Yankee Stadium, there would be 64,000, 65,000 people. I burned to hit the ball. I just had to be the best. Three days later, out in St. Louis playing against the Browns, there'd be 250 people in the seats. I burned to hit the ball, because I always thought there'd be four kids in the stands who had never seen me hit before.' This is the mark of a champion, to be the best that he can be at every single occasion. The fellow who typifies this is the ultimate in sports is Vince Lombardi. This kind of thinking made our country great, but this kind of thinking is a little too rare. I don't 'hate' to lose, but I hate to come out of an effort thinking that I didn't do the best that I can do. I can come out of a contest with at least peace of mind if I know there was nothing left to give.

"Somebody said success saps the elation of victory and deepens the despair of defeat. That's one of life's verities. While I get wildly exhilarated when we win, I'm sure it's nothing to old Vince. But when he loses he puts his head in a bucket. Football is the new exhilaration. How about our game with Dallas last year? We were behind 21-0. At the half it was 21-6. Then they kicked a field goal, and we scored to make it 24-13. The fans had been booing, booing. We scored, 24-20. Five minutes to play. That moment Meredith hit Clarke to make it 31-20 Dallas. Bedford Wynne said to me, 'Helluva game. Sorry you lost.' Dallas kicked off. Four passes later the score was 31-27. Two minutes to go. We got the ball back on the 20. Jurgie was hitting. The clock was running. He threw to Coia, and we were ahead 34-31! Fifty thousand people stood in mass hysteria. There were some 50 seconds left. Meredith hit Hayes. They moved to the 44, and they brought in the kicker. Twelve seconds left. Lonnie Sanders blocked the kick! For six minutes I just stood there and watched people cheer. They kissed. I

continued



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Williams-Graham

couldn't believe it. It was just great. The exhilaration of victory when you're not a success, that's the greatest."

Williams attributes part of the Redskins' difficulties last year to the lack of running backs. As a result, the Redskin attack was simply Jurgensen passing. Williams says, "Sonny has the capacity to give me the greatest joy and the deepest anguish of anyone I've ever seen." The Redskins also lacked a field-goal kicker. "We had a kicker who put the thrill back in the extra point," Williams says—so Washington made Charlie Gogolak of Princeton its No. 1 draft choice. Negotiations were spirited, but Williams finally got Gogolak to agree to terms. "Just before I gave him the pen," Williams says, "he said he had to call his parents. He called them and spoke in Hungarian and ended by saying, in English, 'And deferred compensation, Pop-pa.' When he hung up I asked him why he said 'deferred compensation' in English. And he said, 'Because there is no deferred compensation in Hungary.' I asked him to sign the contract, and he said, 'I have to call Lamar Hunt.' Lamar Hunt? I know. I can't compete with Lamar Hunt. I'm looking at Gogolak a little querulously. I figured, why did I come into New York to sign him and then have him tell me he's got to call Lamar Hunt? I started to object, but Gogolak said, 'I said I'd sign with you, Mr. Williams, and I will. I also told Mr. Hunt that I'd call him before I signed a contract.' I was very moved. So he calls Lamar Hunt. Lamar Hunt is talking 1,000 words a minute, but Gogolak says, 'Mr. Hunt, your airplane can't get here before I sign.' I am convinced that character is a tremendous thing in sports."

In February, Williams got Otto Graham to agree to become the coach and general manager. Otto was attracted not only by the opportunity but by Williams himself. "I'm here because of Ed Williams," Graham says. "Sure, he met my demands, but he understands competition. Ed says he's in a competitive business, and he goes into court and gives it his best."

One of the first things Otto did upon his arrival in Washington was to look

at—study, really—films of the games played last year. "Some of our players weren't playing up to their full potential," Graham says, "and from watching the films I know that some of them loaf on occasion. The impression I get from talking to the kids and the fans is that they didn't have the necessary desire. A football player has to put out 100% of the time," Graham adds. "We don't have the greatest material, but we have good material."

Graham wants a well-disciplined, preferably self-disciplined, hustling team. "One for all and all for one," Otto says. "It sounds corny, but it works. They're full-grown men. If they act like men they'll be treated like men. I'm the type of guy, I don't step in unless I have to. But once I step in, I take some action."

"I've always played athletics because it was fun," Otto says. "I want to win. I'm a great competitor, but I don't want to win at all costs. If I personally have to go out and do things that are morally wrong, dishonest, I wouldn't do it to be a winner. I think I'm a good coach. I am not a conservative coach at all. I believe football should be fun. Fun for me as the coach, fun for the players and fun for the crowd. I don't believe in three yards and a cloud of dust. I'll gamble. I won't take unnecessary risks, but I'll throw from my own end zone. I would rather lose two or three games and have every score 35-28 than win every ball game 3-0. I think it would be a more enjoyable season. I would rather lose a few ball games that are entertaining—a lot of excitement—than win all games that are very dull to watch. In pro ball you have to win. I know that, but I think this philosophy can hold up. I'm not going to sit back as coach and punt on third down. Oh, no. I'm going to play aggressive football. I've told people, don't bother buying paint and making 'Goodbye, Graham' signs, because I'm going to be around for a while."

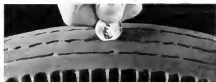
Williams says, "I've promised this town they're going to get a winning football team or I'll die in the effort. They're going to get effort, time, expenditure of funds, imagination, everything."

END

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

OLE

Sirs,

My felicitation on your excellent article on the finest left-hander ever to throw a baseball on either side of the border (*U.S. Sports of Los Times*, July 4). It should be noted, however, that Warren Spahn, winner of 363 major league games, earned his first Mexican League victory just before the article appeared. He led Pura Riva, 11-1, before retiring in the seventh inning, which, to borrow a phrase from the Sandy Koufax boosters, is not bad for a guy with no spring training.

We who believe that Spahn still belongs in the major leagues (he could have won a dozen games last year with better support) can only hope that some bilingual general manager will remember that he was a 23-game winner with the Milwaukee Braves just three years ago. El Halcón, the Hawk, could bring some vitally needed wins to any American or National League pennant contender in the last half of the season.

I had the privilege of watching Spahn pitch a complete game four-hitter against St. Louis last year in Candlestick Park. He allowed two earned runs and lost as Bob Purkey shut out the Giants, but couldn't the Giants use a guy this year who throws four-hitters?

Couldn't everybody use a guy this year who throws four-hitters?

JAY BERMAN

Sanita Monica, Calif.

Sirs,

Myron Cope's excellent piece showed what a great reputation was willing to do just for the chance to pitch in the game he loved so very much.

GARY WAGNER

Le Center, Minn.

Sirs,

Congratulations on a fine article on one of the truly all-time great pitchers of baseball.

FREDMAN BUTLER

Chittanooga

WHICHAWAY?

Sirs,

Delighted as I am to see a story on our illustrious roadrunner (*Sports Illustrated*, July 11), it pains me to point out that my favorite artist, Bill Chalmers, has portrayed that peerless *parade* with three of his toes pointing forward on each foot.

One of the distinctive characteristics of the roadrunner is the fact that he has two toes pointing forward and two backward, so that his tracks resemble the letter X. Thus, when you try to follow a roadrunner's trail in the dust, you can't tell whether he

went thisway or thatway. Some of the local Indians have decorated infants' cradleboards with symbols of roadrunner tracks to confuse evil spirits.

I won't even comment on the way you drew the *parade*'s tail. The Democrats and the Republicans of New Mexico started arguing about the angle of the tilt of the tail four years ago, and the controversy still continues.

ARCH NAPIER

Albuquerque

HATERS' HEAVEN

Sir,

Would you sort of run over that part again about how Ralph Houk made that immense improvement in the CBS Yankees (*The New Yorker*, *Taxachusetts* June 20)? They sure have improved. Why, I recall when Ralph took over they were only 4-16 and all of 12 games back. Now they are 40-49 and only 18½ games back.

I imagine that *do-do* manages they fired Johnny Keane, is wearing a smile about two feet wide. Psychology and pats on the back sure are wonderful. If this improvement keeps up, they might reach .500 by October. Ah, this is what we old charter-member Yankee-haters have lived and breathed for for 30 years. I hope the Yankees have to wait as long as we did to get back to the top of the heap.

JOHN E. HERZOG

Pittsburgh

Sirs,

Mr. Koppen's profound analysis of the psychological effects Ralph Houk had on the Yankees after he replaced Johnny Keane was most enjoyable. We are looking forward to other masterpieces and suggest that the far-seeing author regale us with a piece perhaps entitled "Why the Yankees Are Happier Loving for Houk Than They Were Loving for Johnny Keane."

ROY S. JAMES

St. Petersburg, Fla.

KEY LARGO

Sirs,

I commend you on your article about slow play in golf (*Perils of Paradise*, July 11), but you skimmed over some points which deserve more attention. All players should cooperate 100%, with others in their group in keeping their eyes on balls hit astray. A group effort at looking at a shot headed toward the rough, for instance, can do much to cut down looking time. The same is true for balls hit out of bounds or in hazards.

PARKI HAYES

Hillsdale, Mich.

Sirs,

Jack Nicklaus does not need to apologize for his showing in the USGA Open Championship (*Sports Illustrated*, *See You in the Summer*, July 11), and I am sure this was not his intention: that his approach to the problem of slow play is not convincing. Jack admits he falls in the class of slow players and argues that to change his tempo would be unfair. Yet he admonishes amateurs to play briskly because by doing so their scores will be lower. He tries to draw a distinction between professional and amateur play. The incentives to win at amateur golf are just as great as in professional golf. The view that money makes a difference is erroneous.

Nicklaus has had a distinguished career and has contributed much to golf in many ways, including constant study of the Rules; but I think he would add to this contribution by following his own advice to amateurs of which group he is one of the outstanding graduates.

DAVID GRANGER

New York City

Sirs,

Someone should write the slowpokes up that it is a great deal more pleasurable to play several rounds a day at a faster pace, and get more chances at a good score.

B. H. SASSIS

Ashland, Ohio

Sirs,

I hope your article has some effect on your many golfing readers, because I'll never break 80 if I have to play at 6 a.m. on Wednesday on the toughest public course in the country just to beat the crowds.

ROBERT J. THURSON

York, Pa.

Sirs,

I have yet to see a weekend golfer take 2½ minutes for one putt. I think amateur golfers should be allowed to play at their own speed to really enjoy the game.

L. BRICKENRIDGE

Maple Glen, Pa.

Sirs,

In your letters column of June 6, Bruce Montgomery of East Lansing, Mich., states, "As far as the actual length of a round of golf goes, I think it is important that the individual golfer play at the speed most comfortable for him."

I have never been to East Lansing, but apparently there is a golf club there with starting times which only permit people to tee off about an hour apart. Otherwise, the slowest and most selfish golfer at East Lansing, as on every golf course, will force every-

continued



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**Painful
hemorrhoids?**

All too often, humans who sit and stand pay the price of vertical posture. Sitting and standing combine with the force of gravity to produce extra pressure on veins and tissues in and around the rectal area. The result may be painful, itching or burning hemorrhoids.

The first thought of hemorrhoid sufferers is to relieve their pain and discomfort. However, of the products most often used for hemorrhoids, some contain no pain-killing agent at all...others have one too weak to provide necessary relief...and still others provide only lubrication.

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19TH HOLE continued

one on the entire 18 holes to ultimately play at his speed. It is just not possible to have the individual play at the speed most comfortable to him.

It is not, however, the slow, deliberate player who keeps his mind on the game and maybe takes an extra practice swing or two that really holds up people on a golf course. It is the thoughtless and rude people who park their bags on the wrong side of the green, who stand on the green while they tally a scorecard after everyone has puttied, who huddle over bets when they should be hitting off the tee, and who otherwise waste time without benefit to their game or anyone else's who must be dealt with if the game is to be speeded up for everyone's enjoyment.

Golf on the average course could be sped up by at least an hour per 18-hole round if everyone simply remembered their manners. It would not be necessary for a deliberate golfer to make a single shot in haste in order for this to be accomplished.

MORRISON M. BEMP

Ashland, N.J.

EXTRA:

Sirs:

Boby Johnson's story of the Dempsey-Gibbons fight (*The Fight That Won't Stay Dead*, July 4) intrigued me and brought back many memories. I was co-publisher of the *Shelby Promoter* at the time, writing and even setting type. Fight day, I left the arena at the 13th round when it became apparent Dempsey would win on points. I went to the shop, set the story directly on the linotype keyboard, 2 col., 12 pt., headed it *misadventure* and met the crowd returning downtown with the paper, really "hot off the press." We printed 7,000 copies, sold all but a very few. Newsboys were there from Chicago, Seattle, Minneapolis, and they had a field day, getting as much as \$1 a copy as the supply neared an end.

We had the safe full of nickels, dimes and quarters that night, and it's good we did, for shortly afterward the First State Bank, the First National Bank of Shelby, and the Stanton Trust and Savings Bank of Great Falls failed to open. Our bank accounts were frozen, and we had to pay off the help mostly in small change.

On the day of the fight we had seven people working at the paper. Next morning there were two—my father, John F. Kavanagh, and myself. We struggled through two bad years, but in 1925 the town came back and the *Shelby Promoter* celebrated by printing 10,000 copies of an "Achievement Edition," which contained 40 pages. The town today has more than 4,000 people, and the publisher of the *Shelby Promoter* is my nephew, another John F. Kavanagh. His father, W. C. Kavanagh, is the owner.

C. T. KAVANAGH

Kaliquest, Mont.

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